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NUMBER 6

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

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KENTUCKY IN RECENT LITERATURE--LATEST PORTRAIT OF JAMES LANE ALLEN.

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Editorial Department.

RAPHAEL'S "HOLY FAMILY."

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

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KENTUCKY IN RECENT LITERATURE.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

IT HAS been scarcely more—perhaps rather less—than three decades since literature in America was regarded as almost exclusively the product and attribute of the erudite East, the then generally recognized center of our literary culture.

The far West was represented in fiction chiefly by stories of adventure as wild as the region they portrayed, and, with perhaps two notable exceptions, of little permanent literary value. The South was brought into literary notice only by the discussion of the race question and an occasional book or paper (usually from the pen of some Eastern writer) dealing with the issues that were instrumental in bringing about the late war; while the great Northwest and the vast fertile Midland region, which is now the very heart of our civilization, were practically unknown to the world of letters.

A claim on the part of Kentucky to a place in the annals of literature would have been regarded as preposterous in the extreme; for there then existed the belief (does it still exist, perhaps?) that her spreading bluegrass pastures afforded fitter pabulum for the fleet thoroughbred and the blooded trotter than the winged steed Pegasus; that her hills and valleys were accustomed to echo to the sound of the six-shooter rather than the plaintive pleasing of the Pipes of Pan; and that in lieu of drinking at the Pierian Spring, her denizens were wont to quaff a far-famed product of old Bourbon County which might have tempted even Minerva to become a Bacchante. The Kentuckian indeed found a place in literature only in the comic weeklies, where he figured as a composite creation of bib-

ulous and pugnacious tendencies, with a garb that might have done credit to a Texas ranger, and an accent which would have disgraced a plantation negro.

However, with the lapse of time has come a widening of the literary horizon, a broader and more catholic culture, and a clearer and more discerning perception of that which is best and highest in literature as in the other arts. The American of to-day is cosmopolitan in literature as in all the other uses of life, and the writer who speaks with the conviction of genius, whether from the far West, the extreme South or the Canadian frontier, is sure of an impartial hearing and an intelligent and unbiased judgment.

Perhaps no writer of the day has met with more instant recognition or more ready appreciation than James Lane Allen, of Lexington, Kentucky. There is about Mr. Allen's creations a charm as subtle and indefinable as the odor of violets. His pastorals of the bluegrass, his idyls of Kentucky life, are flawless prose poems. As a stylist he is well-nigh beyond criticism. In his literary personality Mr. Allen combines the graphic descriptive touch of the novelist and the finish and grace of expression of the poet with a delicacy, a subtlety and fineness of perception almost feminine. Yet there is not wanting to his work the requisite degree of virility and force. His characterizations are always convincing. Take for example his "King Solómon of Kentucky" than which he has, perhaps, done nothing finer. The courage and strength of will that could dominate a moral weakness, that could rise from a degradation so deep as to be appalling to sublime heights of sacrifice and daring; the latent power for good that lies dormant

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Courtesy Harper Bros., New York.

JOHN FOX, JR.

in every human—even this poor, fallen, besotted, pathetic hero—is realized for us by the strong, vivid touch of a master hand

Mr. Allen's "Kentucky Cardinal" and its tender sequel, "Aftermath," lie very close to the heart of Nature; and his exquisite idyl, "Sister Dolorosa," has the delicate perfection of a rare cameo. In his intimate knowledge and understanding of Nature in all her moods and phases and in the purity and refinement of his methods lies perhaps the secret of his charm. He has, however, made a radical and unhappy departure in a recent story, in the treatment of which a contemporary critic aptly declares that Mr. Allen "displays his ability to handle mire with a silver spoon." It is to be regretted that Mr. Allen should have deemed such a demonstration necessary or expedient.

There are indeed writers enough, and to spare, who delight to "set the maiden

fancies wallowing in the trough of Zolaism"; to exploit "problems of sex" which will scarcely find solution in such treatment; and to hold up to Nature the mirror of a distorted realism. In this connection, inquiry might be made why Realism in literature and art is made to stand for the sordid, the erotic and the base, alone. Are then purity, delicacy, tenderness, human love and sacrifice mere abstractions of the idealist; and are the petty, the prurient and the revolting the actualities of life?

In "A Summer in Arcady," Mr. Allen has given us an exquisite pastoral, aglow with the fervor of young life and love, instinct with human passion and interest, wrought upon by the potent spell that only Nature in her tenderest mood

can weave. Yet, underlying the idyllic sweetness with which this matchless interpreter of natural beauty has imbued the story, is a subtle current of erotic suggestion which mars the beauty of the work as a whole, like a blemish on a beautiful face, or a flaw in an otherwise perfect product of the sculptor's art.

So tender is Mr. Allen's touch, so fine and true his appreciation of "the immortal beautiful," that it is a pleasure to note in a later work the same theme—the eternal *motif* of human love—treated on a higher plane, and made pure, sweet and holy by supreme sacrifice and self-abnegation. "The Choir Invisible" shows all the charm of his earlier manner, enriched by a clearer and more penetrating perception, a ripeness and maturity of thought, and a more pervasive and impassioned feeling for life and nature. There is a sense of mental and moral uplift appertaining to this beautiful work. It stirs the spirit like a strain of noble

music, and while an occasional discordant note jars on the sense and mars the perfect harmony of the whole, the *motifs* rings clear and true throughout. It is undeniable that "The Choir Invisible" is at times uneven—that it shows occasional imperfections; but, taken in its entirety, it is a noble book and it is difficult to find fitting words of praise for its exquisite quality.

What Charles Egbert Craddock has been to the Tennessee mountaineer, John Fox, Jr. has become to the rude, unlettered inhabitant of the mountains of Kentucky. He is at once the portrayer, chronicler and prophet of this unique character; and those who have had opportunity to study this particular type will admit the fidelity of Mr. Fox's delineation and the accuracy of his workmanship. It is true that to Miss Murfree belongs the credit of opening an unworked mine of literary material in the portrayal of mountain life and character; for the Tennessee and Kentucky types are closely allied, differing only in minor essentials. Still it is no less true that Mr.



JEAN WRIGHT.

Fox is in no sense an imitator. He has departed widely from the pathway blazed for him by his predecessor in fiction; has filled his canvasses with figures sketched from an entirely different viewpoint, and colored with the pigments of a fresh and original fancy; and has irradiated the darker and stronger phases of the life and character of the mountaineer, which he brings out most effectively, with sidelights of keen humor—a quality for the most part wanting in Miss Murfree's work.

In his "Mountain Europa" which forms the basis of his literary fame, Mr. Fox has given us a novel and un-hackneyed plot and some exceptionally strong characterizations—notably that of Sherd Raines the mountaineer, whose rugged nobility of character stands out as boldly as one of his native hills; and in his heroine in "A Cumberland Vendetta" we find an equally fine piece of character work. His late production "The Kentuckians," which is now appearing as a serial, is built upon rather different lines. It portrays the mountaineer out of his



ABBE CARTER GOODLOE.



EVELYN SNEAD BARNETT.

from time to time appeared in *Scribner's* have recently been collected in book form.

For the most part these are merely slight sketches of no very ambitious literary import. But in one of them at least—in which the experience of a woman of average intellect, who has lived and loved and suffered, is set against and above that of another, of catholic culture and intelligence, whose knowledge of all that life holds for a woman is purely impersonal, and whose whole existence has been spent among books—in this indeed Miss Goodloe shows that she has grasped some fundamental truths of life and nature, and the treatment of her theme leads us to expect even better things at her hands.

own environment, in the midst of civilization; the characteristics peculiar to his type emphasized the more strongly by their contrast to the forms and conventionalisms of life in Kentucky's capital. The story promises to mark a distinct advance in Mr. Fox's literary career and its development is being followed with interest by the reading public. Mr. Fox is a skilled interpreter of his own stories and sketches and his clever rendering of the mountain dialect lends an added interest to his productions.

Miss Abbe Carter Goodloe, of Louisville, is a young Kentucky writer of promise, who has known few of the hardships and disappointments incident to the early stages of a literary career. In her stories of girls' college life she has chanced upon a novel and pleasing theme and her graceful productions which have

Miss Jean Wright, who is rapidly making a reputation as a writer, is



ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

well known in the literary and artistic circles of Louisville. Her dainty sketches, songs and poems which have appeared from time to time in the periodicals of the day evince marked literary ability; and her clever comedy "The Militia Colonel," based upon an incident in "The Virginians" admirably preserves the spirit of Thackeray's great work and has received much favorable notice.

Mrs. Eva Wilder McGlasson (now Mrs. Brodhead) is a writer of whom Kentucky has reason to be proud. Her latest story "Bound in Shallows" while rather less strong and perhaps on the whole less pleasing than her "Diana's Livery," is marked by her usual sincerity, and is at times strongly dramatic. Mrs. Brodhead has the true narrator's gift and never fails to hold the interest of her readers. She possesses a

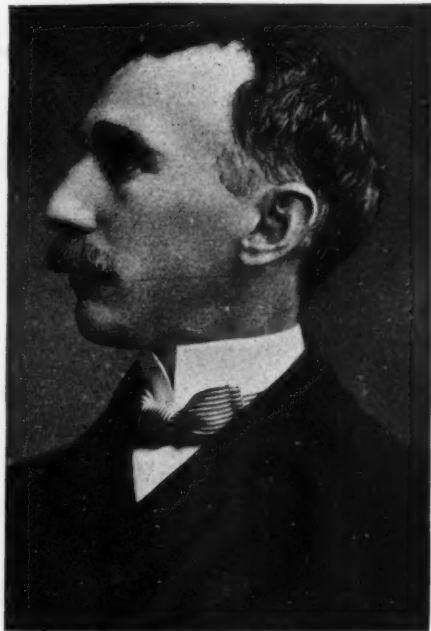
rare appreciation of literary values, a firm and steady hand in the delineation of character, and is always governed by the recognized canons of good taste.

Mrs. Evelyn Snead Barnett is chiefly known as a writer of clever and keenly satirical society sketches. Her first story—a humorous description of a euchre party—appeared over a pen name in the late *Southern Magazine* and gave rise to much speculation—its authorship being attributed by many to an eminent Louisville jurist. Mrs. Barnett's earliest liter-

ary work was marked by a constructive skill and an entire absence of crudeness in style and expression, most remarkable in a novice in the world of letters. Mrs. Barnett has of late written some exceptionally brilliant articles, and recently carried off the prize offered by a Southern magazine for the best short story.

Both Joseph A. Altsheler and Ewan

Macpherson, whose names are familiar to readers of the magazines, are scholars and exponents of the school in which Richard Harding Davis acquired a graphic literary touch—the school of active journalism. Mr. Macpherson's reportorial training manifests itself in the fidelity of his description, the accuracy of his narrative and the clear conciseness of his style; while Mr. Altsheler's work shows a breezy freshness, a lightness of



MADISON CAWEIN.

touch and a deliciously humorous quality most refreshing in contrast to the studied sadness and premeditated pessimism of the typical short story of the day. His new book "A Soldier of Manhattan" is somewhat along the lines of his first novel "The Sun of Saratoga," and is a vivid romance of the colonial period. Mr. Altsheler is by birth a Kentuckian, though he has of late years resided in New York, being connected with one of the metropolitan journals.

Kentucky ranks well in the lyric field—



JAMES LANE ALLEN.

more than one of her poets having achieved international fame.

Robert Burns Wilson is to poetry what James Lane Allen is to prose. He is essentially a poet of nature and his verse betrays the fidelity with which he has studied her every phase. Exquisite delicacy, tenderness and purity is the keynote of his art. Yet there is always an impression of reserve force—of absolute control, of repression almost. A power of feeling, a stress of emotion such

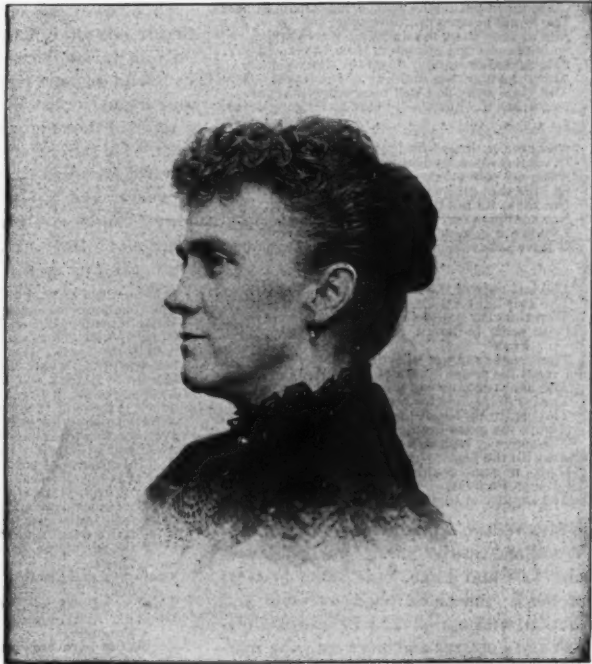
as belongs only to rarely sensitive natures is Mr. Wilson's; yet there is inherent in him a quality most unusual in that creature of emotion, swayed by each breeze of fancy, each gust of passion—the poet—a power of repression only less than his power of expression.

It would perhaps be difficult to find two poets more dissimilar in style and method than Mr. Wilson and his gifted contemporary, Mr. Madison J. Cawein. Mr. Wilson strikes always the personal

note—the note of knowledge and understanding; of experience and suffering. Mr. Cawein's mood is often grave, sometimes somber—never despairing. For him life's shadows serve but to bring out its possibilities of beauty and light. The sadness which lingers in every line that falls from Mr. Wilson's pen is vague, elusive, like the faint, sweet scent of rose and lavender that clings to rare old laces. The rich perfumes of the Orient breathe through Mr. Cawein's vivid lines.

Mr. Wilson is the poet-laureate of the Spring, rich in budding hopes and mystic promise; Mr. Cawein of the Autumn, ripe, opulent, splendid in fruition. Beneath Mr. Wilson's caressing hand there blossom the heartsease and the rose, the violet and the pale anemone; at Mr. Cawein's quickening touch there burst into radiant life rich masses of brilliant tulips, vivid marigolds, parterres of flaming scarlet-sage and goldenrod and rich autumnal foliage. The one has the pale pure radiance of the pearl; the other, the scintillant gleam and fire of the ruby.

Mr. Cawein's lines are instinct with passionate fervor and glow; Mr. Wilson's exquisite verse is replete with rare delicacy, tenderness and pathos. Through all his repression there speaks ever an ineffable sadness and longing which not



MRS. W. LESLIE COLLINS.

even the sweetness of a strong and abiding faith has power to dispel. Very tender and appealing is Mr. Wilson's noble poem "My Master"—a poem so beautiful that it is to be regretted that it cannot be presented in its entirety:

"A loving Master, and a good and kind,
My master seemeth evermore to me;
One that my soul—meseemeth—still should find
A-wandering on the lea;
Still seems it, I should see,—
Betwixt the dusk and darkness on this wold,—
That sorrow-mantled figure—as of old
His wont was—going forth to seek
Some lorn heart followed wanderer from the fold;
What if now—
Half hidden in the gloaming He should call?
And I should know—how all this hill's dark brow
Would change like lightning and my sorrows fall
To rise no more forever. All the fear
That life might end in nothing would be gone;
This whirling earth no longer should appear
Too fleeting and infirm to rest upon,
And every glimmering branch and leaf would
seem
A fret-work of lost hopes returned to view,
Wrought in the shining fabric of a dream
That I had thought too happy to be true.

"Close down beside the whispering stream I kneel
The liquid accents murmuring go by
And as they pass, the darkling waves reveal
Smooth wavering glimmers from the far-off sky.
Pale rays that wander down the dewy slopes,
Along the glancing highway of the leaves
And glide away like half remembered hopes,
For which the burdened heart no longer grieves.

"And here betimes I find regretful balm
In wildernesses, and from sorrow's hold,
Anon my soul steals out, along the calm
Of hills that gird wide sunset seas of gold.
But these fill not the hunger of the heart;
Nor soothe to rest the spirit's fierce complaining:
Life is not bounded by fixed rules of art;
If Love hath vanished, what is worth the gaining?"

"The last note of the field lark thrills the air,
The star-light mingles with the dying flush
That tints the pallid sky—no ghost of care
Doth seem to haunt the evening's deepening
hush.
The toughs are wet with dew;
I scent the sweet breath of contented kine,
And hear the music of a bell's faint ringing;
The far fields fade from view:
The breathing Night her forest harp is stringing.
And in the grass her living jewels shine.
The songs of Nature's singing
Are still the best;
If now no pang could reach the spirit, bringing
Grief and unrest,
The rapture of this scene were then divine."

Mr. Wilson's later work "Chant of a Woodland Spirit" has all the beauty of his "Life and Love;" the same fineness of touch; the same purity of style and diction, with a high and beautiful altruism and a clearer and more realizing moral insight born of a deeper absorption of life and the inevitable development and expansion of the psychical nature. Mr. Wilson is fortunate in being gifted with twofold powers of expression—his ability as an artist being no less marked than his gift of song. It is not within the province of this article to deal at any length with this phase of Mr. Wilson's genius, but a passing mention of the illustrations accompanying "The Immortal Three" (which appeared in a recent issue of the *Cosmopolitan*) may perhaps be pardonable; illustrations which, masterly in conception and execution and perfectly accordant with the sublimity of spirit which characterizes the work, embody most fittingly the thought creations of the poet-artist.

One must needs wield a pen as vivid as Mr. Cawein's own to present an adequate conception of the opulence, the almost barbaric splendor of his masterpieces of tone-coloring. Was there ever

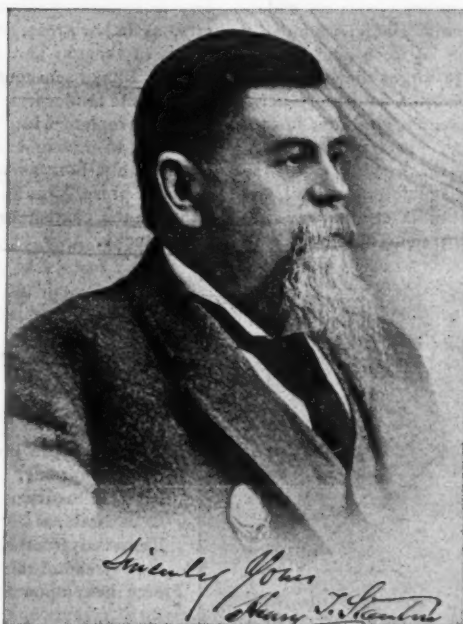
such exuberance of diction, such rich luxuriance of verbiage?

With lavish hand he flings into the censer of a single poem a wealth of color and imagery that would serve to enrich a score of the monochromes of the minor poet. He fairly riots in color; he delights in vivid hues and striking contrasts. His pen conjures up pictures of Oriental gorgeousness as vividly as the brush of a Fortuny or Regnault. Exquisite bits of word-painting these:

"It is the time when, by the forest falls,
The touch-me-nots hang fairy folly caps;
When ferns and flowers fill the lichened laps
Of rocks with colors rich as orient al awls;
And in my heart I hear a voice that calls
Me woodland, where the Hamadryad wraps
Her limbs in bark and bubbling in the saps,
Laughs the sweet Greek of Pan's old madrigals.
There is a gleam that lures me up the stream—
A Naiad swimming with wet limbs of light?
Perfume that leads me on from dream to dream—
An Oread's footprints fragrant with her flight?
And lo! meseems I am a Faun again,
Part of the myths that I pursue in vain.
"Neath saffron stars, o'er mystic seas, dark blue
Between dim sylvan isles we sailed, a happy two.
All mystic in its mist the soft gale bore
The Siren's song; while on the ghostly steep
Strange foliage grew, deeps folding upon
deeps
That hung and gleamed with blossom and with
bud
Thick powdered, pallid or like urns of blood
Dripping and blowing from wide mouths of
blooms
On our bare brows, cool gales of sweet per-
fumes,
While from the yellow stars that splashed the
skies
O'er our light shallop dropped sweet mysteries
Of calm and sleep."

Mr. Cawein is indeed "blessed with a valuable continuance of delicate imaginings," a golden fancy, and a feeling for color little short of marvelous. His poetic work evinces a steady growth and development. The "riot of adjectives," the "debauch of epithets" against which his kindest critics have not failed to warn him, under the molding influence of a rare taste and discretion is being subdued into a style at once finer, surer, and more restrained. Each succeeding work reveals more clearly the master touch, and wins for him a more appreciative recognition and a wider public. Reviewers on either side the Atlantic are becoming more and more alive to the possibilities of Mr. Cawein's genius and the most conservative of English critics have found only words of praise for his "Garden of Dreams."

It has been the misfortune of Major Henry T. Stanton, a poet endowed with clear and penetrating literary perceptions, much humor and not a little versatility of style, to be known to fame chiefly as the writer of a single poem—"The Moneyless Man." This poem, which from a literary standpoint is by no means the equal of some of Major



Stanton's later lyrics, chanced to strike the popular fancy—and to cling there—until it has doubtless become a species of literary nightmare to its gifted author. Major Stanton has a ready grasp of the salient and picturesque in literature and his style is bold, forceful and incisive.

Charles J. O'Malley, poet, reviewer and journalist, is the editor of a periodical devoted largely to religious and literary interests, and is a prose writer of ability, though he is chiefly known throughout the South through the medium of his verse. His poetry is replete with beautiful imagery; and a subtle airiness of fancy, with a sympathetic appreciation of what is best and highest in life and literature characterizes all Mr. O'Malley's work.

Mrs. W. Leslie Collins, of Frankfort, is a writer of sincere and graceful verse. She possesses a vivid poetical fancy which she clothes in diction of exceptional purity. Her dainty volume "Sea

Waifs and Other Poems" has received more than local notice and commendation. Mrs. Collins is a graceful, gracious woman, with a charming personality and, in addition to her gift of song, is a writer of daintily fanciful prose. It is most difficult to select from the verse of any writer a single passage which shall be wholly

representative, but the following brief extract from "Isabel" may serve to exemplify the felicity of Mrs. Collins' style:

"Like elfin doves with milk white breasts,
All day the snowflakes floated down,
And softly trod with velvet feet
Upon the hilltop's russet crown;
Upon the valley's withered breast,
Upon the river's bosom wide
And o'er the stark and barren trees
They flung the white veil of a bride."

Miss Elvira Sydnor Miller, of Louisville, is certainly the most versatile of writers. A poet of no small ability, she has of late elected to write for the columns of a local paper a daily résumé of current events, in which her ready perception and exceptional versatility find wide scope. Miss Miller indeed wields a trenchant pen and woe to the unfortunate, be he author, actor, politician, philosopher or saint, who is forced to stand up before the battery of her well directed literary missiles.

At one moment she adumbrates for us

a bit of life or character with an understanding so wide and kindly, a sympathy and appreciation so deep and tender, that we are fain to forget that her facile pen is ever dipped in a fluid more acrid than milk and honey. The next instant her ready weapon penetrates with unerring precision the weak point in the armor of some misguided individual, and the hapless victim is straightway impaled upon a sharp point of pitiless rail-

lery and scathing sarcasm. In her poetry, as in her prose, Miss Miller's originality of thought and expression is extreme. Bits of sensuous beauty, touches of exquisite tenderness and sincerity and passages replete with force and thought are alike to be found in her verse. Unquestionably, both as a poet, and as a writer of prose, Miss Miller is a striking figure in the contemporaneous literature of Kentucky.



UNREALITY.



SWEET is the life wherein I move
supreme,
Lived in luxurious chambers of my
brain,
Removed from beat of wind, the
tread of rain;
Fierce heat upon my lilies that yet
gleam
(Plucked long ago by some enchanted
stream).
Blessed am I, there by love I ne'er
can win,
And all that now departs there en-
ters in,
Wrapped in the splendor of my soul's
long dream.
When from this palace glorious I
come,
I am more calm to walk my bleak,
rude way;
More tender to forgive, more strong
to stay
Your tears and wrongs uncomforted.
And dumb
My lips, when they would swift
complain,
For joys too sweet to know lived in
my brain.

Lillian H. Shuey.

MY KIND O' POETRY.

I.

I've read a sight o' poetry
 An' writin' in my time,
 Some jest as rhymin' as could be,
 An' some 'at didn't rhyme.
 I've read the kind 'at 's soft an' low,
 I've read o' the battle's din;
 An' sentimental stuff, you know,
 With purple twilights in;
 But the kind o' writin' 'at pleases me
 An' my very soul delights,
 Is the ev'ry-day sort o' poetry
 James Whitcomb Riley writes.

II.

Guess I ain't got no kind o' taste
 Fer the songs o' whisperin' trees,
 Er the whistlin' wind o' the desert waste,
 Er the moan o' the restless seas—
 Fer whilse they's fine an' full o' rhyme,
 An' bilin' over 'ith art,
 They don't never seem to me to climb
 Right into a feller's heart
 Like Riley's does. They's good enough
 Fer some—these dreamy flights
 O' rhyme, but jest give me the stuff
 James Whitcomb Riley writes.

III.

When I read o' the fields o' clover sweet,
 With their swarms o' dusty bees,
 An' the birds 'at are singin' "chir-reet!
 chir-reet!"
 In the boughs o' the apple trees;
 An' the climbin' roses so red an' ripe
 'At grows by the humble door
 Where the poor man smokes 'is evenin'
 pipe
 When the work o' the day is o'er,—

I somehow feel 'at it's bettered me,
 An' sort o' put things to rights.
 They's religion in the poetry
 James Whitcomb Riley writes.

IV.

They's sumpin' about it so good an' true,
 So nat'r'l like an' reel,



'At a feelin' sweet my heart goes through,
 A kind o' a sad-sweet feel,
 Like a feller has when he shets 'is eyes
 An' listens to music dim
 An' soft, 'z if the angels in the skies
 Wuz singin' a song to him!
 An' so when I die—as I will, now mind
 Y', some o' these days er nights,—
 Jest read me easy a piece o' the kind
 James Whitcomb Riley writes.

James Courtney Challiss.



COL. JOHN W. EMERSON IN HIS STUDY.*

GRANT'S LIFE IN THE WEST AND HIS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CAMPAIGNS.

(A HISTORY.)

BY COL. JOHN W. EMERSON.

(Engravings from drawings and photographs furnished chiefly by Mrs. E. Butler Johnson.)
(Begun in the October, 1896, Midland Monthly.)

BOOK II.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT REVISITS ST. LOUIS.

ONE of the regiments which Grant was required to muster was expected to rendezvous at Belleville, Ill., about May 8, 1861, and thither he went to perform that duty. When he arrived all the companies had not assembled, and would not do so for several days.

Grant concluded to make a hasty visit to St. Louis, his old home, only eighteen miles distant, see his wife's parents, near the city, and feel the temperature in that border slave State.

To say that he "found things hot"

would be too mild an expression. They were boiling—seething.

St. Louis was a large city, with nearly two hundred thousand people, and perhaps thirty per cent thereof decidedly southern in sentiment. Probably a third or a fourth of this class were as intensely bitter and as "fire-eating" in favor of secession as the same number in any of the southern States. They were utterly intolerant of opinion, and were bold, demonstrative and outspoken against "Lincoln tyranny" and "Lincoln hirelings." From the noise and bluster they made, it would seem to an observer from without, that the city and State were overwhelmingly in favor of secession. But Grant had lived there most of the years in

*Taken by Photographer W. C. Perkins, of Ironton, Mo., while the Colonel was engaged upon his "Grant in the West."

which this trouble had been brewing and he readily comprehended the situation.

In truth there never was a time when there was not in St. Louis and in the State at large a very decided majority for the Union.

But this Union majority was composed of the working, thinking, conservative, undemonstrative business portion of the population. It required time for this element to arouse and assert itself; and to comprehend what the excited agitators really meant.

But the fiery, aggressive spirits of Frank P. Blair, B. Gratz Brown, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon and others, kindled the Union spirit into active assertion, and at the time Grant made his visit it was organized and ready to assert itself; and it did make itself heard, and felt.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CONSPIRACY TO TAKE MISSOURI OUT OF THE UNION.

It will be profitable to stop here and take a brief survey of the conspiracy as it had thus far developed in Missouri.

Under the president's first call, the quota assigned to Missouri was four regiments. The governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, was intense in his southern sympathies. He had for some time been engaged in secret intrigue with Jefferson Davis, and others connected with the Confederate government, with the purpose of carrying Missouri out of the Union and into the confederacy.

When the President's proclamation reached Governor Jackson he answered it in the most haughty and insulting terms. He denounced the request as "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical." He immediately convened the legislature, in extra session, for the undoubted purpose of taking some pretended steps whereby Missouri might cast her destiny with the Confederate States. The working out of this conspiracy was found to be beset with many difficulties.

Governor Jackson had proceeded, under cover of the regular militia law of the state, to organize a camp, named after himself, in the western part of the city of St. Louis, apparently as an ordinary camp of instruction. Here the militia of the State were invited, and more than two regiments, and a battery or two, soon assembled. The United States flag floated over the camp, and there were no visible indications of disloyalty. Many Unionists were there



BRIG.-GEN. NATHANIEL LYON.

A better portrait of Lyon, from an old photo owned by Captain J. S. Clark, of Des Moines, appeared in the August MIDLAND.

in the ranks and as holiday spectators or participants, ignorant of any disloyal purpose of the leaders; but, as was thoroughly demonstrated afterwards, the whole animating purpose and motive of the leadership were in aid of the scheme of projected secession and the capture of the United States Arsenal at St. Louis.

Governor Jackson had dispatched two commissioners to Jefferson Davis, President of the newly organized "Confederate States of America," to secure aid, and



BRIGADIER-GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON,

Killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., August 10, 1861. With a force of 6,000 he attacked the Confederate Generals Price and McCulloch, over 22,000 strong, and had practically won a victory when he was killed while leading the First Iowa Regiment in a brilliant charge. He was in command at the arsenal, St. Louis, when he captured Camp Jackson, May 20, 1861, and then immediately advanced and took possession of the State Capital. Grant met him as he was preparing to move on Camp Jackson. The sketch is from a painting in the Senate at Jefferson City, Mo.

on the 23d of April, 1861, President Davis returned the following reply:

After learning as well as I could from the gentlemen accredited to me what was most needful for the attack on the arsenal, I have directed that Captains Green and Duke should be furnished with two 12-pounder howitzers and two 32-pounder guns, with the proper ammunition for each.

These, from the commanding hills, will be effective both against the garrison and to breach the inclosing walls of the place. I concur with you as to the great importance of capturing the arsenal and securing its supplies. We look anxiously and hopefully for the day when the Star of Missouri shall be added to the Constellation of the Confederate States of America.*

So hopefully and confidently had Governor Jackson written President Davis, that Missouri began to be treated as Confederate territory.

Three days after Davis had sent his

* War Records.

reply to Jackson, the Confederate Secretary of War, Walker, wrote to Governor Jackson:

Can you arm and equip one regiment of infantry for service in Virginia, to rendezvous at Richmond? Transportation will be provided by this Government. The regiment to elect its own officers and must enlist for not less than twelve months, unless sooner discharged.*

This missive reached Governor Jackson on the 4th of May, and on the 5th he answered it. The language gives a vivid picture of the progress of the conspiracy:

Yours of the 26th ultimo, *via* Louisville, is received. I have no legal authority to furnish the men you desire. Missouri, you know, is yet under the tyranny of Lincoln's government—so far, at least, as forms go. We are woefully deficient here in arms and cannot furnish them at present; but so far as men are concerned we have plenty of

* War Records.

them ready, willing, and anxious to march at any moment to the defense of the South. Our legislature has just met, and I doubt not will give me all necessary authority over the matter. If you can arm the men they will go whenever wanted, and to any point where they may be the most needed. I send this to Memphis by private hand, being afraid to trust our mails or telegraphs. Let me hear from you by the same means. Missouri can and will put 100,000 men in the field if required. We are using every means to arm our people, and until we are better prepared must move cautiously. I write this in confidence, and with my earnest prayers for your success.*

The "means to arm our people," which Governor Jackson was taking, consisted of preparations in his militia camp to capture the arsenal, and the extraordinary measures which were being sent through the legislature at Jefferson City. A comprehensive military bill, placing extraordinary powers in the hands of the Governor, was enacted, and the money

belonging to the common schools of the State was diverted from its use and applied to advance the Governor's military and secession schemes.

The committee of safety in St. Louis kept a keen eye upon every step of the intrigue, though this correspondence was not then known to them. President Lincoln was duly informed of the increasing danger, and on April 30th caused Secre-

tary of War Cameron, to issue the following celebrated order, directed to Captain Lyon, in command of the arsenal:

The President of the United States directs that you enroll in the military service of the United States, the loyal citizens of St. Louis and vicinity, not exceeding, with those heretofore enlisted, ten thousand in number, for the purpose of maintaining the authority of the United States and for the protection of the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri.*

On the back of the order, Gen. Scott indorsed, laconically, "it is revolutionary times, and therefore I do not object to the irregularity of this."

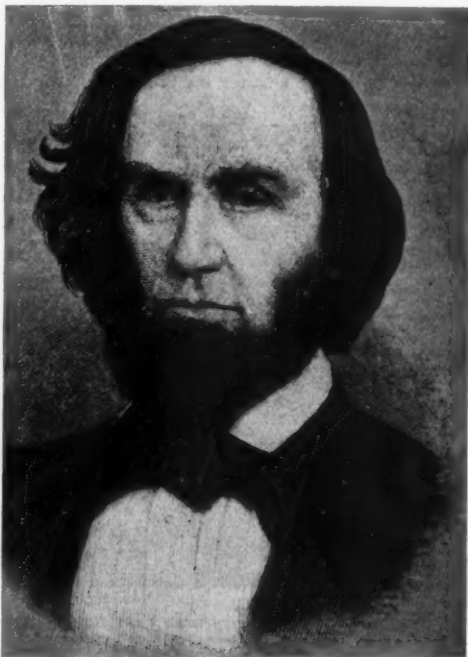
This gave Lyon and Blair a compact little army. Blair was colonel of one of the first regiments organized, but Lyon was of rank, being in the regular army.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONSPIRACY DETECTED.

On the 8th of May, the

day on which our Captain Grant arrived in St. Louis from Belleville, Illinois, an event occurred which brought matters to a speedy crisis. Several cannon and ammunition, packed in hogsheads marked "bacon," and boxes of muskets, were landed at the St. Louis levee from a New Orleans steamer; sent by order of Jefferson Davis, and transferred to Camp Jackson.



From an old painting

GOV. CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON,

Of Missouri, who plotted with Jefferson Davis, in 1861, to carry his State over into the Southern Confederacy.

* War Records.

The attempt to conceal the contents of the shipment was not a success. The Committee of Safety learned of it at once. These arms and this war material were brought from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and were a part of those captured in the United States Arsenal there in the previous January, by the seceding Governor of that State. They were, therefore, stolen property of the United States, and connected Camp Jackson unmistakably with the insurrectionary movement.

There never was any hesitancy about

CHAPTER XXII.

CAPTURE OF CAMP JACKSON.

Secession sympathizers were running through the streets with arms; men jumped into carriages, spring wagons and carts, and, lashing the horses into a mad gallop, went streaming out to join in the defense of Camp Jackson. The sidewalks were thronged with frenzied people. The Union men were largely in the well organized regiments now forming in line of march at the arsenal,* pre-



W. C. Perkins, Photographer, Ironton, Mo.

A BIT OF LAWN AT "SYLVAN LAKE HOME,"

Where "Grant's Life" is being written, showing the "Grant Oak," the Grant Monument, and the residence of the author. See outline of Judge Emerson's career, in the Editorial Department of this number.

prompt action where Captain Lyon and Colonel Blair were the actors.

These were the tempestuous conditions in the midst of which Grant found himself on his brief visit to his old home. He spent one day in the country at the Colonel Dent home, and returned into the city on the morning of May 10th and soon learned the startling rumor spreading through the city, that Lyon and Blair were then marshaling their forces for an attack on Camp Jackson. He had never before experienced such wild tumult and excitement.

paring to move. Grant's heart beat with loyal pride at the knowledge that Lyon and Blair were not going to wait to be attacked, but meant to promptly strike and put an end to the treasonable plottings of which they were then only partially informed.

Grant hastened to the arsenal, and conversed a few minutes with Blair and Lyon, as the regiments were taking up their positions in line of march, and wished them success. He did not have

* A view of the arsenal in St. Louis is given in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY of November, 1896.



THE FAMOUS "GRANT OAK"

On Col. John W. Emerson's grounds at Ironton, Mo., under which Colonel Grant received his commission as Brigadier-General, August, 1861, while there in command. The spring flows out beneath the statue of the Angel, to the left of the oak. "Sylvan Lake" is seen through the openings, in the background.

a horse, and it was impossible, in the excitement then prevailing, to obtain one, else he would have joined them as a volunteer aid.

At 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon of May 10th, Lyon's army of six regiments and a battery of artillery were moving rapidly through the streets of St. Louis toward Camp Jackson, and, converging, surrounded the camp on three sides. On the other side Lyon planted his battery on an elevation commanding the camp.

To Captain Lyon's demand for the immediate surrender of the force and all war material, General Frost, who was in command, made no resistance, except a protest that the camp was organized under the laws of the State, and was not hostile to the general government!

How far General Frost was aware of the designs and schemes of Governor Jackson and the other conspirators, the writer has not the evidence to determine.

Before night Camp Jackson was extinguished and the prisoners and war

material were safe inside the walls of the United States Arsenal.

There were, afterwards, riots on the streets; mobs attacked the volunteers; they in turn swept the streets with musketry fire, and there were many killed and wounded.

Thenceforth St. Louis became, and continued throughout the war, the center of Union military and naval activities in the West.

When Lyon and Blair returned to the arsenal with their prisoners, and other captures, Grant again met them and congratulated them.

It was on his way to the arsenal to see Lyon and Blair after the capture that the following incident occurred, which Gen. Grant pleasantly relates in his Memoirs:

"Before the car I was in started," he says, "a dapper little fellow—he would be called a dude at this day—stepped in. He was in a great state of excitement and used adjectives freely to express his contempt for the Union, and for those who had just perpetrated such an out-

rage upon the rights of a free people. He evidently expected to find nothing but sympathy, for he turned to me and said: 'Things have come to a — pretty pass when a free people can't choose their own flag. Where I came from if a man dares to say a word in favor of the Union we hang him to the limb of the first tree we come to.' I replied that after all we were not so intolerant in St. Louis as we might be; I had not seen a single rebel hung yet, nor heard of one; there were plenty of them who ought to be, however. The young man subsided. He was so crest fallen that I believe if I had ordered him to leave the car he would have gone quietly out, saying to himself, 'More Yankee oppression.'"

Grant returned to Illinois and resumed his duties as aid to Governor Yates, mustering the new regiments as fast as their organization was completed. One of these was the Twenty-first Illinois, mustered in at Mattoon. His brief intercourse with the men and officers was pleasant. He gave them instructions and advice which, coming from a West Point graduate and an old regular army officer, was appreciated and remembered. But none of them then suspected how soon they were destined to be bound together by official ties.



NEAR VIEW OF THE GRANT MONUMENT
On Colonel Emerson's grounds, Ironton, Mo., where General Grant made his headquarters in 1861.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GRANT WRITES TO WASHINGTON.

The mustering was about completed, the machinery of the Adjutant-General's office was running smoothly, and Captain Grant took leave for a few days to return to Galena. He knew that his position on the Governor's staff was out of the line of promotion, and opened no field for military activities. He believed he had ability to be of greater service to his country in an active command. He therefore concluded to make formal application to the War Department at Washington, and wrote the following letter:*

GALENA, ILLS.,
May 24, 1861.
Col. L. Thomas,
Adj't-Gen., U.S.
A., Washington,
D. C.:

SIR:—Having served for fifteen years in the regular army, including four years at West Point, and feeling it the duty of all who have been educated at the government expense to offer their services

for the support of that government, I have the honor, very respectfully, to tender my services, until the close of the war, in such capacity as may be offered. I would say, in view of my present age and length of service, I feel myself competent to command a regiment, if the President, in his judgment, should see fit to entrust one to me.

Since the first call of the President, I have been serving on the staff of the Governor of this State, rendering such aid as I could in the organization of our State militia and am still engaged in that capacity. A letter addressed to me at Springfield, Illinois, will reach me. I am very respectfully, your obedient servant.

U. S. GRANT.

This modest, patriotic letter elicited no answer. It was probably pigeon-holed

*A facsimile of this letter was presented in the November MIDLAND MONTHLY.

by some subordinate clerk and was never even seen by the Adjutant-General or the President, for it was found unfiled among miscellaneous papers, long after the war. Amid the thousands of similar applications then pouring in upon the Department this was not surprising; especially as it bore no endorsement, and no name that would then arrest attention.

Captain Grant, in his self-deprecatory spirit, had felt some misgivings as to his ability to command a regiment; but, having met all the colonels whom he had been mustering into the service and taken mental measure of them, he was encouraged to believe that he was, at least, equal to any of them. He was certainly the most modest and unambitious of men; and in the absence of all efforts in his own behalf, or any solicited intervention of his friends for his advancement or promotion, it is difficult to doubt that a guiding Hand was directing his destiny.

Strangely, it had not occurred to him to apply to his chief, Governor Yates, for the command of a regiment. If he did think of it, he saw, also, that the men whose claims were most likely to have consideration were those whose activities in public and political life had raised them to a position which commanded attention. Then, too, in his old army life,

he had been accustomed to deal exclusively with the authority of the general government, and this is undoubtedly his reason for applying, of his own volition, to that source. He knew, too, that in applying there, the records in the war office furnished abundant evidence of his gallant deeds in Mexico, of his two brevets, and his subsequent promo-

tions in the regular army.

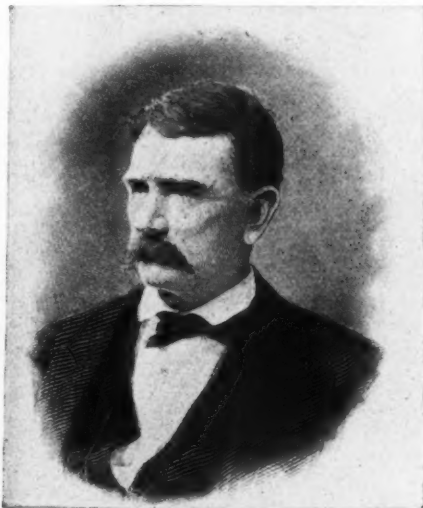
CHAPTER XXIV.

GRANT VISITS
HIS PARENTS,
AND TRIES TO
SEE MCCLELLAN.

Just then General McClellan was becoming a prominent figure. He was organizing the forces in Ohio, with his headquarters at Cincinnati, making rapid preparations to attack the Confederate forces menacing the Ohio River in West Virginia. Grant knew General McClellan quite well. He had spent a year

with him at West Point, and served with him in the Mexican War; had assisted him personally at one of the heavy batteries at Cerro Gordo. Possibly if he would call upon the young General and revive old acquaintanceship, the latter might offer him a position on his staff where he could soon see active service in the field.

With these possibilities in view, and when the work of formal organization was temporarily completed at Springfield, he made a hurried visit to his



GEN. FRANK P. BLAIR, JR.

Frank P. Blair was the leading spirit in Missouri in combatting the extreme pro-slavery propaganda and, before the War, in urging Emancipation. When the War began, his keen intuition enabled him at once to grasp its full character, and he entered the contest with a zeal born of assurance that he was right. He at once rallied the Union sentiment of St. Louis, and in a few weeks organized two regiments; rallied them around the brilliant and fiery Lyon, of the regular army; captured Camp Jackson, and drove the rebel forces out of the State. He was Colonel, Brigadier and Major General, and, after the War, United States Senator from Missouri. He commanded under Grant during the Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns. Grant knew him in St. Louis before the War.

parents at Covington, Kentucky, and took occasion to call at McClellan's headquarters in Cincinnati to pay his respects. But neither then, nor on a subsequent call, was he successful in seeing the redoubtable little General. It has been asserted that McClellan was so encompassed with a multitude of orderlies, aids, and other military personages who indulged in much pomp and ceremony, that it was very difficult for any except his own officers to gain access to him. On this occasion however, the writer is inclined to think that McClellan was absent in Washington.

The plain, strong common sense of Grant revolted at the formalities, the pomp and ceremony which he saw about the headquarters in Cincinnati, and, later, at General Fremont's headquarters in St. Louis. When Grant became master of headquarters incomparably more important, formality and show were discouraged and he was always accessible, even to the private soldier who had a special favor to ask or a grievance to make known. It was this plainness and simplicity (without relaxation of discipline) that made him, during the terrible campaigning of the early years of the war, the idol of the Western army; an army always ready at the tap of the drum to

fight under its leader with a bravery and persistency that knew no defeat.

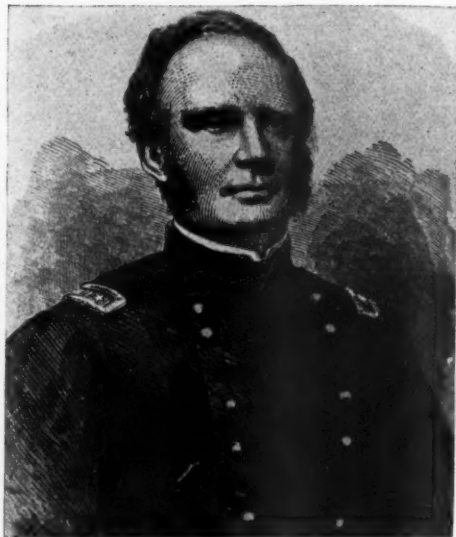
Meantime the President issued another call—this time for 300,000 men to serve "three years, or during the war."

CHAPTER XXV.

GRANT IS APPOINTED COLONEL.

The first Colonel of the Twenty-first

Illinois regiment proved incompetent. The men were as fine fellows as ever marched to battle,—hardy, self-reliant, brave; but they were in mutiny against a reckless and incompetent commander. And now that there was a prospect of soon marching to war, they demanded a leader who could intelligently command them in battle. They remembered the quiet Captain who had mustered them, a few



MAJ.-GEN. STERLING PRICE,

In command of the Missouri rebel forces under Governor Claiborne F. Jackson. He was very popular in the State with the young Confederate element, and drew thousands of that class with him. They familiarly called him "Pop Price." He was repeatedly driven from the state during the war. In his last invasion, in 1864, his army was almost entirely annihilated before he escaped from the State. He campaigned against Generals Lyon, Colonel Blair, General Fremont, and finally against Grant in Southeast Missouri. This sketch is given by favor of the Southern Historical Society, St. Louis.

weeks before, and they made their wishes known to Governor Yates. His own brief acquaintance with Captain Grant had made a most favorable impression, and he was glad to have the opportunity of appointing as Colonel the only West Point graduate as yet in the now rapidly growing Illinois army.

The appointment was made on the 15th of June, 1861.

Captain Grant, who had gone to Galena a few days previously, was not aware of

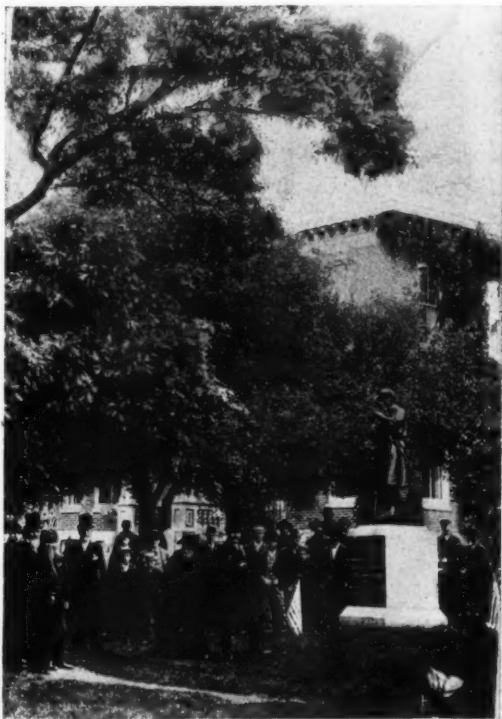
this sudden change in his fortunes until he was informed of his appointment by a dispatch from Springfield. The placidity of his nature did not allow any exhibition of the pleasure he felt upon having his ambition to command a regiment thus suddenly and unexpectedly gratified.

Even when he walked from the store where he received the message up the steep hill to his modest residence and announced to his devoted wife his intended immediate departure, his reference to the glad news of his appointment as Colonel was apparently more by inference or casual allusion than as a direct announcement of any glad tidings. Whatever demonstrations of pleasure followed were from the little wife who loved him dearly and had faith in his ability, and knew his ambition for some command that would give him active service in the field. Possibly, too, she may have indulged in a woman's dreams, and had some feminine intuitions of her husband's destiny.

Taking with him his little son Fred. (now Col. Frederick D. Grant), he hastened to assume command.

The records in the Adjutant-General's office make it appear that he was appointed on the 15th and mustered in as Colonel on the 28th of June, 1861.

The error is accounted for by the fact that the regiment was first mustered for ninety days' service and then again mustered on June 28th for three years or during the war. Strangely, too, his commission bears date of October 23, 1861,—more than four months after he was appointed, and two and a half months after he was appointed Brigadier-General.



MRS. U. S. GRANT, COL. FREDERICK D. GRANT, AND PARTY,
Viewing the Grant Monument on Colonel Emerson's grounds at Ironton, Mo., in May,
1894.—Colonel Emerson, the host of Mrs. Grant and Colonel Grant, on the left
of Mrs. Grant in the picture.

The writer's efforts to find an explanation of this have been unavailing. The Adjutant-General of the State of Illinois says:

DEAR COLONEL EMERSON: A diligent search through the records in this office furnishes no explanation as to why General Grant's commission as Colonel bears date October 23, 1861. It is well known that he was appointed June 15th, and served as Colonel from that date until he was promoted Brigadier-General.

Col. Frederick D. Grant* writes:

MY DEAR COLONEL EMERSON: I was under the impression that father's commission as Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers was dated June 15th, and I am unable to explain why it is dated October 23d.

*Also see Colonel Grant's recent letter to the editor of this magazine (Editorial Department) in which occurs this historically valuable testimony: "I consider his (Colonel Emerson's) statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his re-entrance into the army at the commencement of our civil war, are more accurate than any which have up to this date appeared."



E. A. COLLINS.

A partner of Jesse R. Grant in the tannery business, and a warm friend of Captain Grant during his residence in Galena. Mr. Collins died several years ago in Shelby County, Iowa.

The commission provided,* however, that

*See facsimile of the commission in the November MIDLAND MONTHLY.

ful soldier, the consummate General, the invincible leader in the greatest war of modern history.

END OF BOOK II.

Book III (with which Colonel Emerson's "Grant" concludes) will begin in the January number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY and run well on through the coming year. It opens with a spirited description of Colonel Grant's Missouri campaign, and includes the greater campaigns of 1862-63, which proved General Grant to be the greatest commander in the world's history.—ED.



LIFE.

THERE is no pang can rend the human heart,
There is no joy the human heart can thrill,
But it has been of some past life a part,
A life to joy and pang now strangely still.

Clara Swearingen Goodrich.

Colonel Grant should take "rank from June 15th." The writer is inclined to indulge the conjecture that a commission was issued at the time of appointment and was lost; and that, on the objection of some technical paymaster, a new commission was made out, to supply the record.

Thus equipped, and invested with the command of one of the best regiments in the service, our hero now steps from the quiet, the peace and the obscurity of private life into the publicity, the activities and the tumults of war.

Hitherto we have seen Grant, the man, the civilian, the quiet, peaceful and helpful neighbor; the loyal, gentle and loving friend. Henceforth we shall see him the successful



RAPHAEL'S "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."

Second of THE MIDLAND'S series of the World's Greatest Paintings, engraved from photographs selected by an American artist: in Rome and Paris.

Editorial Department.

A FEMININE IMPLEMENT.

By MRS. M. BURTON WILLIAMSON.

I sing the thimble-armor of the fair.

—*Ramsey.*

ALTHOUGH making collections of various specimens of one thing is popularly called a "fad," yet in the hands of an intelligent person it becomes something more than a fashionable amusement. To be an intelligent collector of bric-a-brac requires, not only some knowledge of contemporaneous art and industry, but some acquaintance with ethnology, archæology and allied sciences as well as acquaintance with political geography. A collection of "souvenir spoons" may be a "fad," but a collection showing the evolution of dining, from the most primitive instrument that usurped the place of the fingers in eating from the dish, to the spoons and forks of to-day, with the implements used in different countries, becomes an anthropological study.

This is an era of collections, not of natural history only, but of a variety of articles, tea-spoons, tea-

pots, china, seals, keys, clocks, miniatures, photographs, historic gloves, shoes, etc., etc., and one American lady, Mrs. W. W. Murphy,* living in Germany, has for some time been making a collection of thimbles.

Few objects are more common than thimbles, yet, like some other tools, their beginning is lost in antiquity and there is little data regarding the thimble of the early races of man. The use of the first needles, whether a thorn or a bone, would necessitate some tool such as the thimble

to assist in protecting the finger or thumb when sewing. Prof. O. T. Mason, of the United States National Museum, says: "The most primitive thimbles were nothing but a little bit of rawhide semi-circular, about an inch in diameter. The cylindrical form is more modern."

It is said that thimbles, antedating the Christian Era fifteen or more centuries, have been found in mummy cases in Egyptian catacombs. Also in the ruins of Herculaneum gold and silver thimbles



HISTORIC THIMBLES.—FAMOUS THIMBLES IN THE FRANKFORT COLLECTION.

The numbers below correspond with the numbers in the picture, enabling the reader to locate the several thimbles

1. Italian Renaissance.
2. French Renaissance.
3. German, from Auxpore, acanthus on the top.
4. German Renaissance.
5. Old Nuremberg, studded with jewels, rubies and emeralds.
- 6 and 8. Norway and Sweden; one with a chrysoprase, the other with an amethyst top.
7. Swedish, one hundred years old.
9. Amber, in one family in Berlin for generations.
10. With the herd on a medallion of Emperor Frederic III.
11. Russian Tular work.
12. Mother-of-pearl from the family of Maria Edgeworth.
13. A Multum-in-parvo.

*Mrs. Murphy's husband was appointed by President Lincoln Consul-General to Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1861, and occupied that position for ten years; he is buried at Homburg, where Mrs. Murphy now resides.

have been discovered. Of the introduction of the thimble into England, the London Encyclopedia for 1831, says: "The art is said to have been brought from Holland in 1695, by John Lofting, a Dutchman, who set up a workshop at Islington and practiced it with success." The term "thimble" is supposed to be corrupted from "thumb-bell," as it was formerly worn on the thumb.

The use to which a thimble is applied does not admit of any decided variation from the type, and yet a collection of thimbles is interesting and as a collection it may be termed unique. Although gold and silver are the metals often used, yet steel, iron, brass, platinum, aluminum, ivory, celluloid, china, glass, bone, wood, and mother-of-pearl all enter into their composition; but thimbles made of silk are used by the Korean ladies. This specimen is unlike the circular one of metal, and for a thimble is certainly unique. One sample in the collection just referred to is formed of two flat pieces rounded at the top and fastened together at the outer edge. On one side it is of white and green silk with a red medallion embroidered in green, and on the reverse side it is embroidered with pink medallion. It is said the Korean ladies use this thimble, although it does not seem as though made for utility even though lined with pack-thread.

Although the owner of the collection is an American lady, her home for twenty-five years has been at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Heidelberg or Homberg; and although American thimbles are found in her collection, being some of them souvenir thimbles, the majority are European.

These vary in shape; some have the indentations on the top, having the knurling, which receives the head of the needle, on the side. Others have no crown, being open at both ends. Some thimbles are set with precious jewels, and, as they are studded on them, the question of their hindrance in sewing not unnaturally arises in the mind.

The bric-a-brac shops of Europe and America do not furnish so many thimbles

as the abundance of the article would naturally suggest. Few ladies, aside from a collector, would think about buying a second-hand thimble, and many rare old gold and silver ones have been melted, in fact this is the common manner of disposing of them.

The oldest thimble in the collection just referred to is an Italian Renaissance, supposed to have been made in the Sixteenth century. It is silver, shaped like an ancient dome or castle. It is ornamented with fine silver wire, and is a substantial and dignified looking article and bears a strong contrast to the gold thimble of to-day.

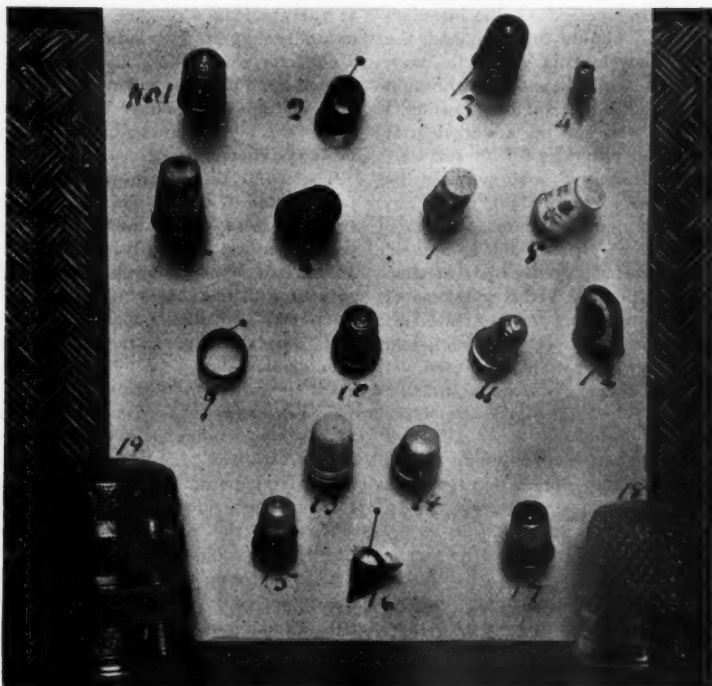
Another, German Renaissance, of silver, is a contrast to the Italian; it is tall and narrow, being one and one-half inches high, and about two-thirds of its length is composed of filagree work. This thimble is provided with a stopper that screws into the place intended for the finger. It probably was intended for a needle-case also.

Another German thimble is engraved with a guildon around the band, while on the top, instead of the usual indentations there is an acanthus leaf that extends over and into the engraved band. This thimble was in one family one hundred years and was presented to Mrs. Murphy. It has no indentations for the needle, but may have been intended for use, as another one like it was found in a European bric-a-brac shop.

A French Renaissance is of silver, engraved in raised silver, and bears a shield with "W" engraved on it. This was a present from Princess Galitzen, a Russian well known over Europe for her unique and valuable collection of watches.

An old Nuremberg is studded with jewels, but all except two of the jewels are gone. As the two remaining are a ruby and an emerald it is presumed that the stones were removed rather than lost from the thimble.

An enumeration of various thimbles collected would be too tedious, consisting as they do of unique thimbles of amber, mother-of-pearl,—the latter from a cous-



UNIQUES.—NOTABLE THIMBLES IN THE FRANKFORT COLLECTION.

The numbers below correspond to the numbers in the picture, thus enabling the reader to locate the several thimbles.

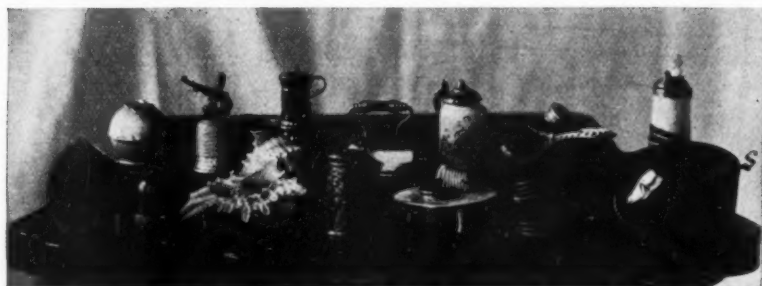
- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| 1. From Parma, Italy. | 8. Royal Dresden, pansies, etc. | 14. Australian silver, with a needle-threader. |
| 2. Tortoise-shell for the first finger. | 9. Japanese, of brass. | 15. Gold and silver set with rubies. |
| 3. India rubber. | 10. East Indies, made by hand. | 16. Silver band for the little finger, to prevent the thread from cutting it. |
| 4. A tiny Benjamin, for a bangle. | 11. Chinese, made by hand. | 17. Silver, with red cornelian top. |
| 5. Scotch, with six views of Dunbar in the top. | 12. Korean, of silk. | 18. Glass drinking cup from New England. |
| 6. Irish bog-oak | 13. Nun's, of ivory, used for silken tapestries. | 19. Metal, from England. |
| 7. Royal Worcester, decorated with buds and flowers. | | |

in of Maria Edgeworth and presumed to have been used by her,—Dresden China, Royal Worcester, a Scotch specimen containing six tiny views of Dunbar, in glass, an Irish thimble of bog oak and thimbles decorated with medallions and numerous souvenir forms. Some are handsome. Many have the top or crown set with amethyst, chrysoprase or red cornelian. Norway and Sweden are represented by some of these forms.

A Japanese thimble is of a peculiar shape, being a solid band that would be taken for a ring instead of a thimble. This is worn, not on the middle finger,

but on the fourth finger of the right hand. The sewing is held between the big toe and the next one, and the other end in the left hand. As Japanese garments are made in long seams, and gathers and ruffles are not worn, the manner of holding the sewing is simple, but rather too oriental for our taste.

The sail maker's thimble is of leather that fits over the hand, a place being provided for the thumb. The thimble proper is of brass, but bears no resemblance to a thimble excepting that it is set with a circular piece of iron, and this iron is indented with holes. The brass



THE FRANKFORT COLLECTION OF THIMBLE CASES—FIRST GROUP.
S (on the right) Sail-maker's Thimble.



THE FRANKFORT COLLECTION OF THIMBLE CASES—SECOND GROUP.



THE FRANKFORT COLLECTION OF THIMBLE CASES—THIRD GROUP.

part with its iron head is worn in the palm of the hand, and the leather part becomes the strap to hold it on.

From collecting thimbles to making a collection of thimbles-cases is a very natural step, and it is interesting to note how much ingenuity has been expended

on them. In fact a collection of thimble-cases reminds one of a German toy shop. Every kind of implement in miniature has been utilized as a holder of that feminine implement which every woman, from the Queen of England to the poorest peasant, highly prizes.

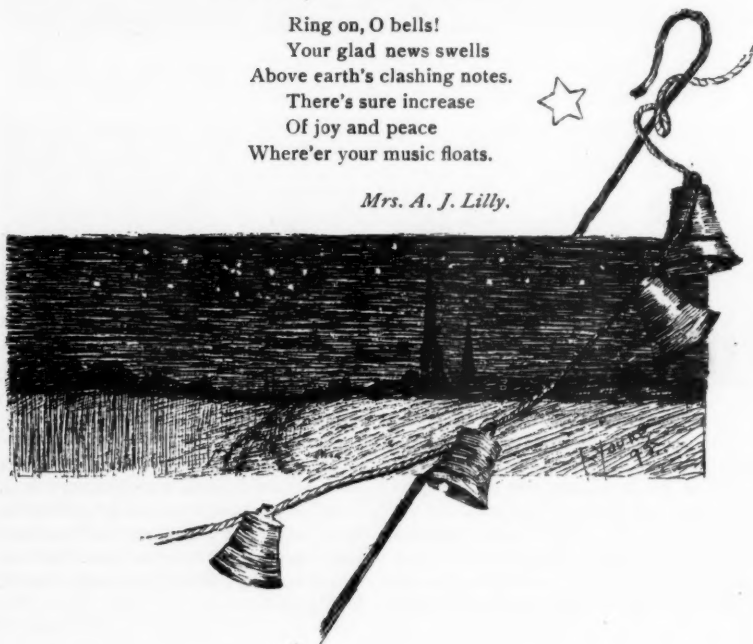
CHRISTMAS BELLS

RING, joy-bells, ring!
Sweet gladness bring
To cheer the waiting earth.
Your chimes prolong
The angels' song
That told the Savior's birth.

In slower measure ring again
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Until amid the grief and pain,
The wrongs endured, the strife for gain,
The deep despair of those who feel
The crushing 'neath the tyrant's heel,
Responsive harmonies shall rise
From all the world; and human eyes
Shall see the dawn of that blest day
When sin and want shall flee away,
When woe and wrong shall be unknown
And Right forever on the throne.

Ring on, O bells!
Your glad news swells
Above earth's clashing notes.
There's sure increase
Of joy and peace
Where'er your music floats.

Mrs. A. J. Lilly.



FROM NAZARETH TO NABLOUS.

ACROSS THE HISTORIC PLAIN OF ESDRAELON—SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON THE JOURNEY.

BY ROBERT MEREDITH.

THE Holy Land is an open Bible in which one may read of the manners and customs of ancient times. It seems to be providential that Palestine has been preserved almost intact from western innovation through all the centuries, so that travelers to-day may behold the selfsame sights seen by the writers of the Bible. There is Abraham sitting in the door of his tent in the cool of the day; there is the good shepherd leading his sheep to pasture carrying the lambs in his bosom; and as you stand beside the pit at Dotham, wondering if it be the one into which Joseph was cast by his brethern, you are very likely to see a caravan of camels driven by those Midianite merchantmen, going down into Egypt over the same old trail of 3,600 years ago.

The sacred writers drew so largely from nature and the common scenes about them for their illustrations and imagery, that many sayings of the Bible seem meaningless and absurd without a knowledge of the topography of Palestine and the manners and customs of its inhabitants. But to one who has been among these scenes the Bible is full of meanings that were not there before. Even the infidel who has seen the Holy Land will have to admit that the sacred writers told the simple and unaffected truth in their allusions to the things of their world.

Travelers are not wanting who have given us much valuable information on this subject. But a trip through the country in comparative ease and luxury affords one little opportunity to study the habits of the common people, which is the foundation on which sacred history is built.

Now that the tramp of the iron horse is heard in the streets of Jerusalem it is a

pity there is not some capable writer who is willing to live and work with the common people so that he may gather up the remaining grains of fact and folk-lore before they are trampled under foot by the march of western civilization.

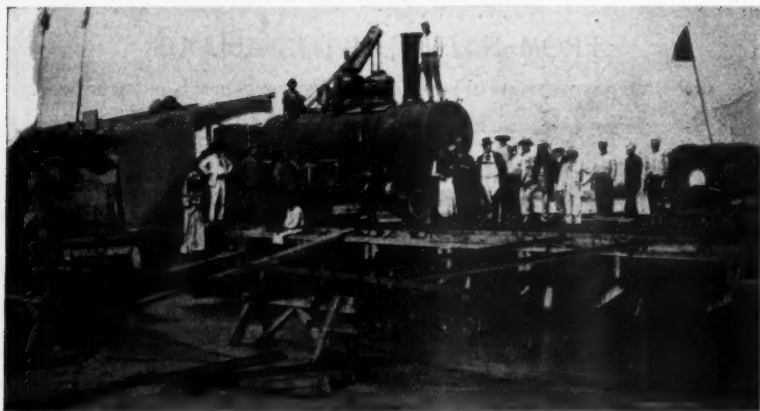
In the fall of 1890 the writer spent two months in the Holy Land mingling freely and working with the people. I helped set up the first locomotive in Palestine and rode on the cow-catcher when the monster began to move, in plain view of the thousands of awe-stricken people who swarmed on the beach, in the streets and on the house-tops of Joppa.

When the whistle blew and the sound reverberated over the plain of Sharon and from the terraced houses of the city, then the people shouted with a very great shout, and I began to imagine I was at the siege of Jericho.

I traveled over Palestine wherever tourists generally go, and saw many places they seldom visit. Going on foot, without guide and with the least possible money, I was compelled to mingle with the poorest of the natives, thereby learning many of their hardships and habits that a common traveler never sees.

In this article I propose to give a history of my trip from Nazareth to Nablous (ancient Shechem). In order that the reader may get into the spirit of the narrative, perhaps a little explanation is necessary. In making my trip to Galilee I started alone from Jerusalem, but after two days' travel I fell in with two Americans, who, with their servants and guide, were making the same journey as myself; so they kindly consented to let me walk behind them that I might not get lost.

Of all countries in the world none is harder for a stranger than Palestine, since most of the roads are nothing more than trails, winding about over the mountains



THE FIRST ENGINE TO ENTER THE HOLY CITY.

From a photograph (owned by Mr. Meredith) taken on the occasion of the first run into Jerusalem.

and through cañons. Even the great highway from Jerusalem to Damascus, which has been traveled constantly for 4,000 years, is only a foot-path over which the caravans can pass with difficulty.

After a hard journey of four days through the mud and rain, late one dark night we came to the ancient city of Nazareth. Our muleteer was an old Roman-nosed, eagle-eyed Arab of very Oriental appearance, who went by the name of Abou-Hassan. He was of delicate constitution, and after riding all day

in a chilling rain he was almost exhausted, so we had to lift him from his horse and carry him into the house. *The travelers were in

tending to go on to Khaifa the next day and there take ship for Beyrout, while the dragoman was going to sail for Joppa. So they told me if I would go on with them I might bring the horses back to Nazareth, and there take charge of the sick man and bring him on to Jerusalem.

I had intended to go back from Nazareth on foot, so I gladly accepted this oppor-



A JERUSALEM BOY.

From a photograph brought by the author from the Holy City.

tunity to ride. The weather had now cleared up, and after a delightful journey of two days to Khaifa and Mt. Carmel, I arrived safely at Nazareth. My sick man was no better, so I had a day to explore the city and visit the ancient landmarks of the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

The next day Abou-Hassan felt better, so they piled the baggage on the old pack-horse, and lifted him on. I mounted one of those far-famed Arabian horses, and with two others following us, we began our four days' journey to Jerusalem.

Nazareth nestles high up in the mountains some three miles north of the plain of Esdraelon. On leaving the city we passed over several swells of the mountains, then came to the brow of the hill, where the road begins to descend in a zigzag trail for a mile or more, then launches forth over the plain towards Jezreel and Mt. Gilboa. But before we begin to descend let us look about us, and behold some of the wonderful sights.

The plain of Esdraelon is about eighteen miles long, extending from the River Jordan to the Mediterranean, and some ten or twelve miles wide. It is bounded on the north and south by high mountains of limestone formation, the sediment of which is continually washing down and spreading out over the valley, forming the richest of soil.

Esdraelon has been called the great battle-field of nations; many times in this valley the fate of kings and empires has hung in the uncertain scale of the field of carnage.

Beyond the valley on the southwest is a range of high mountains called Carmel, which end at the sea with a bold promontory. This is Mt. Carmel, where Elijah convoked the four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal, that he might prove their gods by fire. This was the first congress of religions.

At the base of these mountains runs the River Kishon. Here Barak and Deborah, the prophetess, fought and overcame the hosts of Sisera—so sublimely described in the song of Deborah—in

which the "kings of Canaan fought by the waters of Megiddo, and the stars in their course fought against Sisera, and the River Kishon swept them away." Here Josiah, King of Judah, came up and fought against Pechoh, King of Egypt, receiving a wound which resulted in his death. The Crusaders entered the Holy Land through this plain, and here fought many hard battles. Later, on a mound just before us, one of Napoleon's generals, with only 3,000 men, fought in an open plain and held at bay 30,000 of the enemy for the space of six hours, until reinforcements came.

A few miles to the east of us, towering above the other mountains, stands Mt. Tabor. It is most unique, a single mountain rising to the height of 1,000 feet, much resembling a monster hay-stack.

A short distance to the south of Tabor, at the foot of Little Hermon, are the villages of Nain and Endor, which always bring such vivid memories to the Bible student. Then a little farther south, on the opposite side of the mountain, stands the village of Shunem, where Elisha brought the Shunemite woman's son to life.

Four or five miles farther south, in the midst of the great plain, rises a gentle mound on which once stood the city Jezreel, where the wicked King Ahab and his wife Jezebel had their palace, from which they could look out and see poor Naboth working in his vineyard. Although surrounded with all the luxury that wealth could buy, they were not satisfied until they had Naboth treacherously slain, and his vineyard confiscated. But swift retribution soon overtook these monsters of iniquity. Ahab was slain while riding in his chariot, and Jezebel was thrown from her palace window and dashed to pieces on the pavement below; having not even a friend to gather up her remains, her flesh made food for the dogs.

At the foot of the hill on which Jezreel stood, a fountain bursts forth, and runs to the Jordan in a good-sized branch. It was here that Gideon led his men to prove them, and see who was worthy to go down

to battle. The hosts of the Midianites were encamped in the valley beyond. With 300 men that "lapped water like a dog," Gideon fell upon the enemy in the night blowing their trumpets and shouting, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." The enemy were terror stricken and fled, many of them killing one another. This battle resulted in the death of 120,000 men who drew the sword.

A short distance to the southeast of Jezreel rises the bold peak of Mt. Gilboa, on the northern slope of which Saul was encamped with his army the day before the great battle which resulted in his overthrow and death. He could look across the valley, and some seven or eight miles away plainly see the army of the Philistines encamped at Shunem. Then "he was afraid and his heart greatly trembled." Because of his great wickedness and rebellion against God he was forsaken, and when he inquired of the Lord, "the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by Urim, nor by prophets." Saul had slain all the witches in the land whom he could find, but in his dire extremity, he commanded his servants to search for a woman with a "familiar spirit." They told him there was such a woman at Endor. So under cover of night with two of his servants, he stole through the valley, and over the mountains, and came to the witch. But for all his trouble he only received the awful news that on the morrow his army would be routed, and he and his sons slain. In all the history of warfare there is no record of any man going to battle under such circumstances, knowing of a certainty that all would be lost. But still the brave man stood his ground, waiting for the conflict. His men fell back and were hotly pursued by the Philistines, and Saul, rather than fall into their hands, fell upon his own sword and perished. On the morrow when the Philistines came to strip the slain, they found the bodies of Saul and his three sons on Mt. Gilboa.

When David heard the news, notwithstanding Saul had been his enemy and often tried to kill him, hunting him like a

hind upon the mountains, he broke forth in one of the most sublime and pathetic laments ever uttered: "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: How are the mighty fallen! Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

"Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

"How are the mighty fallen and the weapons of war perished!"

Within a day's journey from where we stand are Cana, Dothan, Samaria, Capernaum and a score of other places of sacred interest. As we take one long, lingering look over the whole plain from the bases of Tabor and Gilboa to the sea at Acra, what a panorama of war and conflict passes before us! As we remember the words of the Prophet, what a scene may yet be enacted in this valley! Some think that here, in the last days, the mighty hosts of Gog and Magog will gather together, when the last great battle between good and evil will be fought.

We went down the steep mountain and out into the plain of Esdraelon, crossing it a little west of Jezreel. The recent rains had left the ground in fine condition for working, so everybody seemed to be out plowing and sowing wheat. We know from the pictures and statuary of the ancients that the implements of husbandry have never changed. From a slight elevation I could see several hundred teams plowing, often in gangs of six or eight, reminding me of the call of Elisha by Elijah when the former was "plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth."

The plows were made of a forked stick, one prong extending outward for the beam

and the other pointing downward for the plow, which was generally tipped with iron. If there was no limb sticking up for the handle, one was fastened on. The yoke was nothing but a straight pole. The teams were mostly cattle; often two little heifers, no larger than our yearlings, would be yoked together, and sometimes a heifer and a donkey would be pulling together. One man was plowing with a single camel. The plowman was generally dressed with a turban on his head, a loose garment about his body reaching to the knees, and nothing on his feet. He held the plow with one hand, and in the other a goad, which was a pole about ten feet long with an iron prod in the end of it.

In my rambles in Palestine I have frequently stopped and taken a hand at plowing. I found it takes much more skill to manage these plows than our own. The plow, being nothing more than a round stick about the shape of a hog's nose, was always trying to fly out on one side or the other. I had to keep my eyes constantly on the plow, having little chance to look up, much less to look back.

You may wonder where so many plowmen came from, but you must remember that the people here all live in villages, and come down into the valley to farm, one man seldom cultivating more than two or three acres.

This plain is the finest piece of land I ever saw, surpassing in fertility, if not in beauty, the great San Joaquin Valley of California. Much of it fell to the tribe of Issachar, and their wealth was a great temptation to their neighbors; often did the Bedouins and other marauders of the desert pounce down upon them and carry away their substance. With much reason did the old patriarch Jacob, when foretelling on his death-bed the different conditions of his children in the Promised Land, speak thus of Issachar: "Issachar is a strong ass crouching down between two burdens. And he saw that rest was good, and the land that it was pleasant, and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant unto tribute." Thus it

often happens that people who have been given the best countries in which to live are reduced by the greed of tyrants to the most abject poverty, while those of more unpromising lands can enjoy what they have in security.

Five hours' ride brought us to Jenin. This is a Mohammedan town of three thousand inhabitants, not one of whom can speak English. Having a sick man in charge with whom I could not talk, I was somewhat lonely. Abou Hassen had suffered much during the ride, and, being almost helpless, we lifted him from his horse and carried him into the house, where the attendants took charge of him, leaving me at liberty to see the sights of the city.

Jenin stands at the base of Mt. Gilboa, and is watered by a fountain that bursts forth in the midst of the city. There is enough water to run a small mill for grinding wheat, and also irrigate a large tract of land. There are orchards of oranges, lemons and pomegranates, and gardens of all kinds of vegetables.

Since Jenin (ancient En-ganin) is about a day's journey for a caravan from Nazareth, it was no doubt the camping place of the Holy Family in their yearly journey to Jerusalem to the Feast of the Passover. I took much interest in rambling about the town, and viewing the scenes that have often been looked upon by the Nazarenes.

I had been told that the people of Jenin were rude to strangers, especially Christians, sometimes treating them very badly. Even robbers are less dangerous if one goes boldly among them and makes himself at home. I went where I pleased and helped myself to the fat of the land. After going into a restaurant where I got a meal for four cents, I took a stroll through the orchards. Along the irrigation ditch there grew a wilderness of huckleberries. I helped myself to these without being molested, although there were people working in the gardens near by.

I then went into the orange orchard and, finding a man sitting under a tree, I

addressed him in a familiar way, and, sitting down by him, began to eat oranges. We both talked much but each understood nothing the other said!

As the shadows of evening gathered I started back to the city, but stopped a while at the mill. Many women were coming and going, bringing a little wheat in a vessel or in their aprons to be ground, after which they would hurry back with their flour to prepare the evening meal.

Since the khan where we stopped was no doubt very similar to the one in which Jesus was born, I shall describe it rather minutely. It was a stone building about fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide. This was divided in the middle by a wall five feet high, one side being for horses and the other for the people. Around the wall of one of the rooms was a bench of masonry five feet wide and two feet high, on which the people would store their baggage and sleep. When a caravan arrived the horses and donkeys were brought into our parlor and unloaded, then taken through a gap in the partition into the other room and turned loose, a single pole being placed across the door to prevent them from returning.

The animals were fed by tying to their noses a sack filled with cut straw and barley.

For the benefit of the sick man a charcoal fire was brought in on an earthen vessel. When bed-time came Abou Hassen drew his blanket about him and lay down on the bare rock. The other men and I soon followed his example.

There was no effort on the part of the watchman to keep order, and everyone seemed to think the more noise the better. The room where the horses were was crowded full. Occasionally some horse would begin kicking and thus start a stampede, and the little donkeys would slip under the pole into our room to get out of danger. The watchman would then yell out and pound them over the ribs with his cudgel, when they would dodge back. To a man who loves amusement this was better than Forepaugh's

show, but it was certainly a poor place in which to sleep.

But these were slight disturbances. I lay down on my downy bed again determined if possible to sleep through the next scene; but no! Next appeared on the arena a caravan of half a dozen mules, each one having a large cow-bell hanging to his neck. They were led into our bedroom and unloaded amid the shouts of the muleteers, the crying of babies and the chime of the bells. A man who could sleep through this would never wake, except to the sound of Gabriel's trumpet! After order was partially restored I slept again, and was disturbed no more,—except once, when a mule flopped his ears and rang his bell just over my head, which aroused me sufficiently to give me a good send-off down the gentle slope between the real and the unreal.

In the evening there were only half a dozen men who went to bed, but during the night the number of people swelled to about twenty, among whom were two men with their wives and children. Some of the horses and mules were put in our room, also great piles of freight and baggage. Sometimes these caravans came from a long distance across the desert, bringing grain, fruits, eggs, etc., to market.

Almost every town has such a place as this for the accommodation of travelers, who wish to find shelter at a very small cost. It was in one of these khans that the Savior was born. Joseph and Mary were compelled by the imperial decree of Caesar to travel from their home at Nazareth to Bethlehem, their native town, to be taxed. Joseph, though a poor man, would gladly have provided good accommodations for his wife in the inn, but there being no room they had to go to the khan where everybody went who from any cause was unable to do better. While there Mary gave birth to her first-born son, and she laid him in a manger. Although the horses are now mostly fed from sacks hung to their heads, I have often seen stone troughs about the size

of an old-fashioned cradle, which were used for mangers. One of these mangers was no doubt the first cradle of the Savior.

As I was going to Galilee not far from the ruins of Shiloh, I met a company of Americans. They were traveling in the usual style, with many servants, guards and guides. They seemed to think it strange that I should venture into such a dangerous country alone. I thought at the time that their fears were greater than the condition of the country would warrant, but since coming across a book written by one of these men, in which he described a battle they had with robbers at Jenin, I am not surprised that they were somewhat fearful. I will give the account in the writer's own words:

"As this is rather a dangerous part of the country, we needed a special guard that night, and three or four brave fellows were detailed to stand around our tents. It was very pleasant to us to hear them signalling to each other through the silent watches, that we might know that they were doing their duty, and we fell asleep feeling very safe, and dreaming of home. But about two o'clock we were awakened rather ruthlessly by the sound of a musket shot, then another, and another and another, and the firing of pistols right and left, the scampering of horses, and a general battle going on outside between our guard and a party of Bedouins, who are trying to get away with some of our horses. I am delighted to say that nobody was hurt. I would have counted it a great disaster to have stood next morning over the body of a dead Arab, and felt that, though our men had done their duty in defending us, it had cost the life of a man. One horse was carried a short distance, but he was quickly recovered."

Of course after such a battle and narrow escape, it is little wonder that the timid preachers and their wives should pursue their remaining tour of Palestine in mortal terror for their lives. But the probabilities are that this was only a sham battle gotten up for the occasion by the

guides, just to have a little fun and filch more backsheesh from the travelers.

Travelers in this country generally put themselves into the hands of the tourist companies, who charge enormous prices, and then hire native guides and servants for almost nothing. Of course these fellows are about as devilish as other people would be under the same circumstances, so they get up as many scares as possible in order that the travelers may be under greater obligations to give them backsheesh.

I am more convinced that this battle was a sham from what follows on the same page of the book: "One of our men, however, did afterwards lose his life not far from Nablos. They were on their way back, after parting with us at Jerusalem, when they were all overtaken by a snow-storm in the mountains, and one of them becoming very tired, sat down to rest and fell asleep, but before morning he was as cold as the snow around him. We heard of this just before we left Joppa to sail for Europe. It was sad news, for we had become fond of every one of our faithful servants."

I was in the mountains of Galilee from the time I met these travelers until the time when the man was said to have been frozen to death, and there was no snow-storm nor any weather sufficiently cold to freeze a man to death. The fact is it was warm and sunny weather. This tale was manufactured by the guides, who went on to Joppa with the travelers, in order that they might get some money to carry back to the widow and orphans.

I wanted to get an early start the next day; but, when morning came, Abou-Hassen made no signs of going, and as I could talk to no one I was unable to learn whether he intended to go at all or not. About ten o'clock I went out to see if I could find a road leading in the right direction. I soon found one and came back to the khan intending to get my things and start afoot. I then saw that Abou-Hassen was making ready to leave. We put the baggage on one of the horses, lifted the sick man on top and then

began our tedious journey to Nablous. We took a short cut through the country where travelers seldom go. All day we rode over steep mountains and through gloomy cañons, passing through many towns. Very often while passing through a town we saw people on the housetops, who would yell at us as we rode by. I never understood the cause of this demonstration, but in this country I have seldom passed through a town off the main traveled road, but I found many people who were ready either to cheer or mock, I could not tell which.

I was unable to learn the nature of Abou-Hassen's sickness, but it was something that gave him great pain. Every time his horse stumbled or made a quick movement he would cry out in agony. Once his horse fell down on the mountain side and almost threw him headlong, but I jumped from my horse and caught him

in time to hold him on while the animal got up. Sometimes he would stop and refused to go on until he had rested a while. Thus we got on very slowly and I began to fear that night would overtake us. I knew nothing about where we were, so I could only trust and follow the guide.

The sun was sinking behind the waves of the Mediterranean when we stood on top of a very high mountain, from which we could see over most of the Holy Land; while a thousand feet below us nestling at the foot of Mt. Gerizim stood the city of Nablous. I then knew we were on Mt. Ebal. Here Abou-Hassen stopped and refused to go farther. I was about to start on into the city for help, when two men came up and held him on his horse while we descended the steep mountain. Then we were soon safely housed in the ancient city of the son of Hamor.



THE ODYSSEY.

L O, HERE an entrance to the time, long past,
 When still the earth had secret ways; ere men
 Had hewn broad ways through all the forests; when
 The mountains kept their deep, dark valleys fast,
 And ocean stretched beyond all mortal ken;
 Sweet faces smiled from fountains; in the blast
 Dread voices spoke; bright gods and monsters vast
 In wood or island held their court or den.

A glorious world! which heroes wandered through
 With eyes as wondering as a child's; and found
 Each day some strange and noble work to do,
 Some task whereby a man was shamed or crowned;
 For though Odysseus led a stalwart crew,
 Alone at last he reached the native ground.

Cameron Mann.



THAT INDIAN SCARE.

BY MRS. H. SUTHERLAND.

I OFTEN see a mention in newspapers of the Musquakie, or Sac and Fox, Indians of Iowa, and have recalled and written down a "real true" story of years ago, when the swarthy faces and slouching figures of these same Musquakies were almost as familiar as those of our white neighbors. This remnant of a tribe numbering about 400, still occupy and own 2,900 acres of land lying on both sides of the Iowa River, in Tama County.

Whether in the days when "Hiawatha" was dreamed out, there was any nobility among the "braves," or lovely maidens found in this branch, history and tradition have failed to hand down to us. Certainly after living near them for twenty years I cannot bring myself to admire them.

There have been many efforts made (some sincere, though spasmodic), to civilize and teach them, and some earnest Christians have sorrowed that the "heathen at our own doors" still remain indisputably heathen. Only within the last few years has any degree of success been attained in even arousing a desire for learning or for a better way of living, for to those who have never seen the wigwams of an Indian camp, words fail to describe the filth and indecency of the occupants.

The Presbyterian Missionary Board has become interested in them and sent teachers, and the Government Agent has had another school-house built; for, before this, one of their pastimes seemed to be driving away every teacher or preacher, and even burning the building used as a school-house. Now, as they are really trying to improve themselves, if the curse of liquor be kept altogether from them, they may some day succeed, as the students of Hampton School are succeeding.

The law is very strict and the Agent

has faithfully tried to enforce it and convict the white man who sells an Indian "fire water," but there are so many ways to evade the law, that it is no uncommon thing to see and hear of a drunken Indian.

An occurrence which at the time was very serious, and has been ever since very laughable, is known all over this region as "the Indian scare."

It was during our civil war, and when we think of hundreds of homes, with no male protector, it is no great wonder that the women and children at the least report of trouble of any kind should be woefully alarmed. Coming, too, close upon the news of the massacre at Spirit Lake, an intimation of an Indian uprising naturally caused untold alarm.

These Musquakie Indians claimed to be in deadly fear of the Sioux coming down to scalp them. The old settlers in talking it over thought it not unlikely that, in the state of ferment the whole country was in—"the noise of battle abroad in the land"—the Sioux *might* try to wipe out the feud, which I suppose really did exist among these two tribes, for we sometimes knew of members of other tribes visiting them, but never any of the Sioux.

Though quite young, I was teaching a school four miles out of the town, and, as my brother came for me that night, riding one horse and leading another, his first words were: "Hurry! Do hurry!"

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked, "Are any of our folks sick?"

He answered: "No, but just as I was starting from home, a man came riding furiously into town, bare-headed and calling at the top of his voice: 'The Indians have broke loose and are killing all the white folks! They'll soon be here!' That's all we know. Mother told me to go ahead and ride as fast as I could, and if

we all are to be killed, we'll die together,"—except father, who at the time was an officer in the army.

As we were fearless riders and the horse I rode had in former days been on the race track, the time in which we traversed that distance was numbered by minutes instead of hours—for we sometimes dallied leisurely along.

"Circumstances alter cases," for that night every tree and bush seemed to screen a lurking foe, and by the time we came to the outskirts of the town and saw the men marching, and heard all the church and school bells ringing, we were convinced that we would soon be in the midst of one of those awful scenes pictured in our histories and geographies. Of course I had asked my brother any number of questions, but all he could tell me was that people from all about the country were coming in town on foot, by teams and on horseback.

The Mayor had issued orders for all men, women and children to gather at the court-house—the only strong central building the town boasted of. Also, guards were stationed at every street and path leading out of town. All were to bring such arms and ammunition as they possessed and were to unite in protecting themselves and their neighbors as best they could and as long as life should last—for no one expected to escape alive.

As we rode up to the door our mother met us, pale with excitement, exclaiming: "Oh! I'm so glad you're here! We have no time to lose; the men are drilling and have sent word, time and again, for me to take you all and go to the court-house. But they will need all the room for all the people who can't protect themselves as we can; so hurry, children, and tie the horses in the barn, and we will all stay right here; it is so near the courtyard we can see and hear when they are attacked, and we have Tom to help care for us." (Father had been home a few months before on furlough and had left his man-servant, who was enjoying his first months of freedom.) Mother continued: "Come in and eat your supper as fast as

you can and *all* you can, for no one knows when you will get any more."

The reader can imagine that under all this high pressure of fear, we did not eat even an ordinary meal; but we *did* manage to stow away quite a number of cookies and pieces of bread and butter in our pockets.

After mother had dressed us in our warmest clothing, in all solemnity she presented to my oldest brother our father's sword, which he had left us as a keepsake on buying a new uniform and side arms.

I preferred the carving knife. I have no idea why, unless I fancied it a more lady-like weapon! My younger brother had a sort of club of his own manufacture, and the little sister was given into our sacred care, to be guarded with our lives.

Mother told us to sit on the back door steps and on hearing the savages coming in at either front door we were to run and hide in the tall corn in the garden.

Of course they were expected to come politely in the front way! Though we knew in all our past reading and experience that they were anything but so well behaved. We never thought of that, nor of an open window in the shed almost on a level with our heads, where a gun or an arrow might have been aimed at our whole group with telling effect.

And now you will smile, I fancy, when I tell you how our ordinarily tender-hearted mother proposed to do her part in protecting her household and at the same time wreaking vengeance on the enemy. She had all the kettles the stove would hold filled with boiling water, and her plan was to go to a small window under the eaves and deliberately pour by the dipperful, hot water on any intruder who dared invade her home with murderous intent. Tom was to stand guard at our street corner and let her know just when to run up stairs with her scalding caldrons and dippers.

To anyone *not* an actor in that night's drama, it can hardly be understood how thoroughly frightened my mother must have been, even to the setting aside of

her strong, good sense, for she surely knew she could not kill them nor drive them back by *her* method, as it would only infuriate them, and if in actual contact with a real Indian foe it would only bring certain destruction upon them all. Moreover, this was so little in accord with her real disposition. I do not remember to have ever seen her hurt a dog, or worm, that was in her way.

Well, mother kept her fire burning and her kettles boiling, alternately watching us at the back door, and Tom from the front part of the house, who came down frequently with messages from our relatives and friends urging us to fly to the impromptu fort. Dry-goods boxes had been piled high and huge bonfires were soon blazing toward the sky, lighting the faces of the people and giving them all a ghastly look. Brave lawyers and county officials were mounted on steps or a large box, admonishing all to "be prudent and careful, and be sure and stay *inside the fence*." Men, women and children huddled closer and shivered, partly with the night air, but mostly with fear at the thoughts the speakers voiced.

About midnight a sentinel gave the word: "They're coming! Almost here!" And no amount of premeditated prudence could smother several shrieks (of course from timid women and children).

Hard riding from the south was heard and a horse soon came in sight—not, however, bestrode by an Indian. To the contrary, the foremost visage was soon recognized as that of Captain Slocum, who had been home on furlough. He held in front of him a little boy. For a few moments the nearest by-standers were almost overcome with a sense of the ludicrous, for, on helping the little fellow down, they saw he could not stand, as his father in dressing him somewhat hurriedly, had thrust both feet of the child into one leg of his trousers, and, supposing his cries were caused by fright, instead of his discomfort, had paid no attention to him except to keep him from falling.

The third rider of the one horse proved

to be the Captain's colored man, Sam—and he was seated *backward*!

Of course not seeing any of the rest of the family, the people at once jumped at the conclusion that they had been scalped, and eager questions came from all sides—"Where's your wife?" "and Charlie?" "and Grace?"

The Captain could only wring his hands and groan, "Oh! they went over the river on a visit, and I know they must be all killed."

As they looked at the bare-headed, bootless, not half dressed fragment of a family, very few could think of any words of comfort, and high above the many sounds rose that of sobbing.

The men examined their various weapons, and vowed, some silently, many audibly, "to exterminate the wretches."

The next day Sam tried to explain his peculiar mode of riding by saying that being hardly awake, in great haste, and in darkness, he never noticed it till he was mounted, and the Captain immediately jumped on the horse, and kept lashing the animal all the way to town, and the more he tried to tell the Captain the more it seemed to scare him. Instead of giving Sam the other horse the Captain opened the stable door, and, loosing his halter, started him off on a run, saying, "Good-bye, old Jack, we'll never see you again; you'll have to look out for yourself."

By the way, that same horse caused the Captain and Sam many a weary mile of tramping before they had an opportunity to tie the halter once more in the stable.

But while the defenders are growing excited at the Captain's story another cry is heard—"Some one is coming from the timber, west!" A man rode furiously into the glare of the fires, almost falling headlong over the foaming steed, as he reined him suddenly in. Recovering his breath, he also told a pitiful tale. "The Indians have all broken loose, have risen against us! Some was at our house, and Oh! my wife is killed!"

"But when?" "How?" "What was the cause?"

"They wanted whisky and we had none for them."

"Did you see them strike her?"

"No, I was running away."

"Now," some of the leaders said, "we must do something. Major Clemmons, you make a speech, and spur the men up to prompt action, for the enemy will soon be here. [Judge Selden had just finished speaking as the last man rode up.] Pile higher the fires! Look every man to his fire-arms and ammunition; we will show the redskins we are prepared for them."

I remember wondering why some of the lion-hearted soldiers did not go to the "camp," (less than four miles away) and ascertain exactly what grounds there were for all this alarm. When they did stop to think, no one seemed to know, of a certainty, anything—only, "The Indians are coming." Over and over that cry was echoed, and as the orators rested, or were reinforced, each citizen seemed to delight in relating to those nearest him, some blood-curdling horror, or hair-breadth escape, in which his uncle or grandfather had figured. Of course none thought but that there would be murder here. All thought it only a question of time; perhaps they might not reach us till morning.

But when the daylight finally came, men grew bolder, and, though weary with the night's excitement and watching, all decided to send a good strong company of men down to reconnoitre, and possibly go all the way down to the camp, and bring back truthful reports, as to how much

foundation there had been for that night of horror.

They found, to their amazement and indignation, that the whole town, and many families living near, had been alarmed by one or two frightened men and women; the only cause for it all was a poor drunken Indian calling at several houses and asking for water, and part of the time for "more whisky."

The Captain felt quite fearless the next day, as he gathered his scattered family, and found not one missing or harmed.

The chaffing of his neighbors was almost more than he could bear. The only thing he had for consolation was that almost every one had a good joke on the other; not one did a wise, reasonable thing that night, as they could see afterward, and I doubt if any one resident of that town could escape laughter at the preposterous schemes laid for their flight or defense.

The "Home Guards" were not the only ones to "show the white feather." There were perhaps more than a half-dozen prominent soldiers, home on furloughs, who had never lacked courage on a real battle-field; but, that night, they were remarkably quiet and submissive; had no advice to offer, and accepted orders from those who did take the lead.

For a week, perhaps, a good many living out a mile or two, came into town "to spend the nights with father and mother," and it took some time for all to forget "that Indian scare."

A PICTURE.

LOW, sodden fields, and a leaden sky;
Night, and November rain.
A wind-swept prairie, brown and seer,
A farm-house low, with its only cheer,
A lighted window pane.
A bondsman's life, with its treadmill toil,
Comfortless, dull and gray,
Is his, who, coming at nightfall, sees
But a lowly roof through dripping trees
After a weary day.

A touch of life, and the picture stands,
Transfigured, evermore;
A step on the threshold, a flood of light,
A sweet voice calling out in the night,
"Come in and shut the door!"
And he is a king who, coming home
After his work is o'er,
Can see the light, in his window pane,
And, out of the darkness, the wind and rain,
Goes in and shuts his door.

Elizabeth Furman.

BIRDS OF THE MIDLAND REGION.

BY DAVID L. SAVAGE.

Editor of The Iowa Ornithologist.

IV.

And now, wouldst thou, O friend, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? Then pass forth,
And find them midst those many-colored birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute.
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from Beauty's ruby lip.

—J. McLellan.

WE HAVE been so occupied with our study of the charming youngsters of the bird world; so interested in the field and woodland echoes of "pips" and "smacks" and "quits," and in watching the parent birds working for dear life, that it is not until one strange warbler after another comes upon the scene that we become aware of the fact that migrating time has arrived, the procession to the summer land has begun. I had thought I would not speak of the warblers in this series of papers, but before I knew it, I was telling of finding the nests of the yellow warbler and the yellow-breasted chat. The latter species is the largest member of the warbler family.

The warbler family is an exceedingly large one, larger than most households, whether human or feathered. It includes the warblers properly so-called, the water-thrushes, the chats and the fly-

catching warblers. In scientific language this group of birds is called *Mniotiltidae*.

We have as many as thirty-six species of warblers in the Midland region, of which perhaps a dozen have been found nesting here. The others are merely migrants, passing farther to the north in the spring to breed and returning as soon as the young are able to accomplish the journey. The most of them only spend a few days with us and then pass on to the south.

I hesitated speaking of the warblers, because all of them are very small birds and with few exceptions are beautifully

clothed in variegated colors; the sexes are generally unlike and the changes of plumage with age and season of the year are usually strongly marked, so that different specimens of the same species may bear to each other but little resemblance.



CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER.

Therefore a close acquaintance with them is necessary to enable the student to bring order out of chaos.

I remember how I became entangled in the toils of the warblers. How I was driven wild by the numberless shades of yellow and olive! How I became distracted over spots and stripes and bars and wore out patience and the manual,

trying to discover what particular combination of Latin syllables scientists have bestowed upon this or that flitting atom of feathers! Nor have I entirely emerged from the confusion as yet. But nevertheless I cannot refrain from introducing the reader to a few of these sylvan beauties.

The old Greeks and Romans peopled their groves and forests with fanciful deities, such as Pan, Diana, the nymphs, fauns and satyrs. If their sylvan haunts were inhabited by such beautiful winged creatures as ours, I do not see why they had to use their imagination so largely.

It is true no doubt that the study of those old stories is very interesting, yet I have often wished that the classical writers had told us as much about the real denizens of their fields, woods and mountains as they have about their phantom gods and goddesses.

With all their power of fancy, it would have been difficult to conceive of more beautiful beings, than the birds which shall now claim our attention.

The black and white creeping warbler (*Mniotilta varia*) is among the first to put in an appearance in the autumn. This species is about five inches in length and one of the least brilliant of the warblers, but by no means the least interesting. It abandons the refined and polished family customs and is, as it were, a black sheep in the fold. A

regular gymnast in feathers, it alights on the tree-trunks after the manner of the creepers and nuthatches. With head upward or downward, this little athlete ascends or descends the tree with equal grace and ease. You may easily recognize this bird by its black and white suit, the colors of which are arranged in stripes lengthwise of the body. Although much like the brown creeper (*Certhia familiaris americana*) in habits, its more sharply defined markings cause it to be seen much more easily than its little brown neighbor which is so similar in color and mark-

ings, to the bark which it climbs, as to sometimes make the detection of its whereabouts next to impossible.

One of the most beautiful of these gems in feathers is the chestnut-sided warbler (*Dendroica pennsylvanica*). In an oak tree near the edge of an open part of the same wood which we found the



YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER.

black and white species in, I espy my especial favorite. He has a medley of colors. You notice first a chestnut stripe which extends along his side, from his cheek to his tail. His crown is pure yellow, bordered with white, which is again enclosed in black. The sides of the head, the neck and the entire under parts are pure white, while the back is streaked with black and pale yellow. The female is similar, with the markings less distinct and the coloring less pure.



BLUE BIRD.

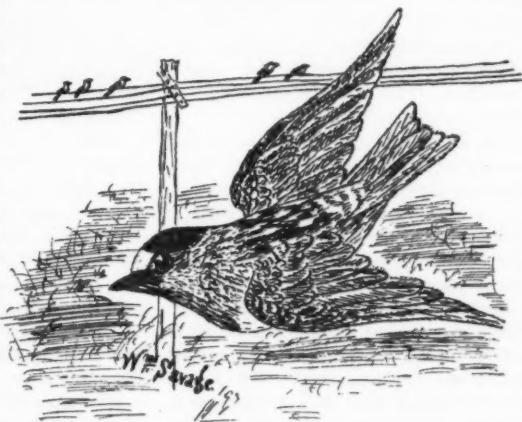
I have found quite a number of the nests of this species. But never shall I forget the pleasure I felt one June day when I discovered my first nest. It was a snug little cradle, built in a small thorn bush, not above two feet from the ground; of rather coarse material, but quite artistically woven together. At first the birds were much disturbed by my presence, but as I seated myself a little distance away and looked harmless enough, silence was soon restored.

I had the rare pleasure of hearing—rare because then I had never heard it before to identify it—the male bird sing a vigorous little strain of *we-see, we-see, we-see, we-see, we-see*, accent on the first syllable of each repetition. The notes began rather low and increasing, closed in an explosive outburst. This is the most spirited of all the songs of the warblers and is decidedly musical.

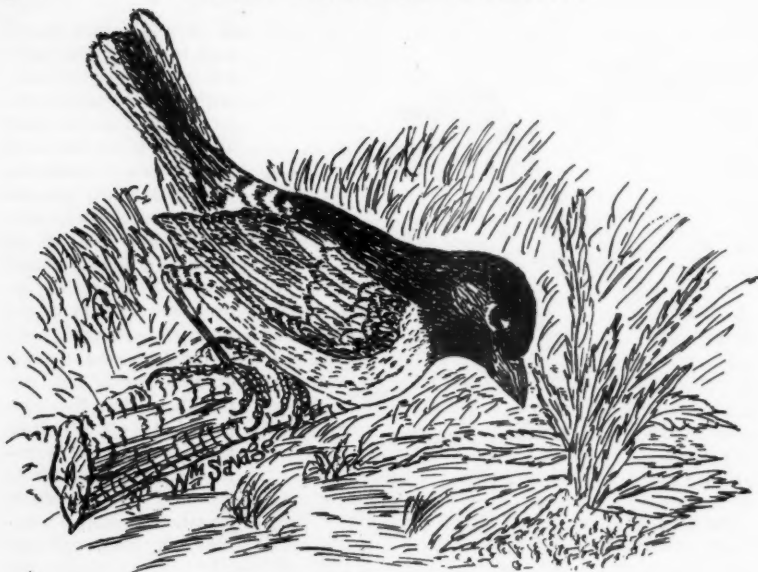
Belonging to the same genus as the preceding, but somewhat larger, and

of very different markings, is the yellow-rumped warbler (*Dendroica coronata*). During migration it is the most abundant of all the warblers. Seen everywhere, it is particularly numerous in shrubbery and thickets near the edge of the woods, often in company with the small sparrows and the titmice. Early in September they arrive from the north dressed in a different attire than when they departed in the spring. The slaty-black coat is replaced by one of olive-brown. The yellow of the

crown, sides of breast, and rump, is nearly obliterated. The wing bars, the white of the belly and the black streaks on the breast are duller. The female and young are quite brown above, with a few obscure streaks in the whitish of the under parts. There is a great variation in different individuals. It is impossible to mention the endless intermediate styles. But I never saw a specimen without the yellow rump and at least a trace of the



HOUSE SWALLOW.



CHEWINK.

other yellow marks. These points therefore are characteristic of the species.

Thus it will be seen that the study of ornithology is made more difficult, but at the same time more interesting, by this change of toilet among the birds. More difficult, because the observer must learn to identify the birds in their youthful, as well as in their adult plumage; and more interesting because of the greater variety thus given to this branch of scientific research.

The warblers come out of the south, pass on, return and are away again, their appearance and withdrawal scarcely less than a mystery; only a few stay with us all summer. Some of these slight creatures, guided by unerring instinct, travel true to the meridian in the hours of darkness, slipping past "like a thief in the night," stopping at day-break from their lofty flights to rest and recruit for the next stage of the journey. Others pass more leisurely from tree to tree, in a ceaseless tide of migration, gleaning as they go; the hardier males in full song

and plumage, lead the way for the weaker females and the youngsters.

We may seek warblers everywhere in their season; we shall find them a continual surprise; all mood and circumstance is theirs.

October is ushered in with bleak dismal rains, which are followed by heavy frosts and high winds. The darkened leaves descend in countless numbers at every eddying gust. Many birds ere this have felt the approaching cold and have gone to a warmer climate. A walk in the grove is surprisingly silent. Chewinks and a cat-bird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) are the only voices that greet my ear, save some blue birds, seemingly complaining, as they pass over the tops of the trees.

"The robin and the wren have flown."

The thrushes, the warblers, and the fly-catchers—even the phœbes are gone. The woods and the fields shall know them no more for this year.

Two months ago the eave swallows (*Petrochelidon lunifrons*) gathered in innumerable hosts on the fences and tele-

graph wires, to plume their feathers, preparatory to the long journey.

A month ago, at even-tide a blackening train of chimney swifts (*Chatura pelagica*) would be seen swarming to a large ancient chimney which stands near the country village. The birds would circle and re-circle above it for an hour at a time, before finally one, and then another, dropped in, another and another followed, the circle still revolving until the whole multitude had descended into the darkness below and all was silent for the night. Night after night this performance would be repeated until the villagers became accustomed to the scene. All this was but a systematic drill to enable the younger swifts to accomplish, with ease, the long journey to their winter home. One morning we saw them leave the roost at day-break, with no unusual twittering; at dusk we watched for their return.

But in vain, they came not. With one accord they had bidden farewell to the land of their nativity and had taken their departure.

With the departure of our summer birds, others come from the north, notably the tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*), slate-colored junco (*Junco hyemalis*), purple finch (*Carpodacus purpureus*), and great northern shrike (*Lanius borealis*).

We have a number of birds that are always with us. They, like many of the human inhabitants, think there is no better climate than that of the Midland region.

The goldfinch, at the approach of autumn, doffs his suit of "black and gold" and puts on one of olive green,—almost an exact pattern of the toilet of his mate and the little ones. Then, a number of families assemble, having all things in common, select favorite feeding grounds and settle down to the chosen occupation of grinding seed. Even in the severest weather of winter, when you near these colonies, they inform you of their pres-



DAVID L. SAVAGE,

Author of "Birds of the Midland Region," (concluded in this number,) and editor of The Iowa Ornithologist, Salem, Iowa.

ence by a cheerful twittering. Theirs is a contented lot. In them we find a lesson for mankind.

The crows (*Corvus americana*) have now selected their winter roost and every afternoon from four o'clock until dusk you can see them flying, somewhat in Indian file, in one direction, at a short height above the tops of the trees, silent and steady, keeping the general curvature of the ground. This circumstance, so familiar and picturesque, has not been overlooked by the poets in the

description of a rural evening. Burns, in a single line, has finely sketched it:

"The blackening train of crows to their repose."

The whip-poor-will's (*Antrostomus vociferus*) lullaby has ceased to be heard; the screech owl (*Megascops asio*) has the night-time to himself, excepting when the larger members of his family give a loud hoot, which informs the lesser owl that a greater than *Megascops asio* is near, and he must needs betake himself to some sheltered retreat, lest a deed of cannibalism be enacted.

Two weeks ago countless numbers of bronzed grackles (*Quiscalus quisculus æneus*), in company with a number of cowbirds (*Molothrus ater*), made daily depredations upon the fields of ripened corn, as if the whole were intended for their use alone. Sometimes the farmer sought vengeance by the use of the gun,

but these disasters were soon forgotten and those

"— who lived to get away,
Returned to steal another day."

The change in the temperature hastens these hardy birds to a warmer climate. Only a few straggling, belated specimens are left. These few will probably remain throughout the winter.

"When all the gay scenes of summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and fallow,
And millions of warblers, that charmed us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;

The blue-bird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder to-morrow;
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow."

And as I watch his familiar form retreating from my view, I exclaim:

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."



IF THUS IT HAD NOT BEEN.

'TIS better thus or so it had not been,

Saith cowed monk and hooded nun resigned,
Who quiet walk with heads low bowed and hands
Meek crossed, apart from ways of life and men;
But they who've not yet learned to patient kiss
The rod, and drink with bravely willing lips
The bitter draught in sorrow's brimming cup,—
Those toil-lashed, weary ones, who carve the beads
For gentle, pure-faced nuns to tell in prayer,
And spin the flax for penitential robes
Of tonsured priests who muse in cloisters cool,—
Would nobler chords have struck from harp of life—
Thus nearer to the angels lifting men—
Had not Pain's hand so rudely smote the strings.
And, mayhap, feet would not so oft have missed
The path and walked astray,—because with tears
The eyes were dim—if thus it had not been.

Emilie F. Stowe.

The Midland's Fiction Department.

WAS IT A GHOST?

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

BY WILLIAM SCHUYLER.

I.

ONE winter after a long absence I went to spend the Christmas holidays at my uncle's, near Ilium. Ten years before, when in my college days I had spent my summer vacations there, the imposing mansion with its well-kept grounds had been my ideal of magnificence. Now, the old house on the hill-top looked bleak and desolate, the sheltering leaves having fallen from the surrounding trees, whose scrawny branches, writhing in the winter blasts, beat against the weather-stained walls. The paint had peeled off in many places, especially from the lofty pillars of the old-fashioned Greek portico; slats were missing from the blinds and bricks from the chimneys, and the steps that led to the wide porch were rotten and shaky. The grounds were shabby and neglected, the long yellow grass tangled with brown weeds; the untrimmed hedges stretched forth their thorny arms for the unwary visitor, and down the paths—once smoothly graded, now guttered deeply by the rains—whirled a confused mob of sticks and straws, dead leaves and pine needles.

Within the roomy house, the once elegant furniture was faded and moth-eaten; countless stains and blisters disfigured the antique wall paper, and the tarnished frames of the pictures dim with dust and smoke; the velvet carpets, worn thin, showed in raised lines the warped boards of the creaking floors, while the wind rattled the loose window sashes, and moaned through the crevices of the doors.

The spacious rooms looked grim and forbidding. There was now no noisy crowd of gay young people to make them

ring with laughter, as in my college days, when every holiday season saw joyous reunions of loving relatives under my uncle's hospitable roof. For that breaking up of a family so common in America had happened here. Only my cousin Alice, who had been my first, boyish love, had remained unmarried, and was now the only one of the family besides her father left in the lonely house.

She too, like the place, had altered. Instead of the blooming, merry girl, the idol of my youthful adoration, I found a delicate woman, pale and worn. Her former brilliant, imperious manner had vanished, leaving in its place a timid shrinking from all assertion, a passionate longing for self-sacrifice. As I saw her standing near the large glass door which opened into the neglected conservatory, the fading gold of the setting sun outlining her exquisite features and slender figure, I could think of nothing else but a pictured saint in a window of some old cathedral.

My uncle alone had not altered. Change is the privilege of youth, old age can only die. The old man's hair may have been a little whiter, but he had the same rudimentary complexion, the same crushing hand-grasp, the same merry eye, the same old jokes and inspiring laugh; he read his Horace as regularly as ever, and had the same scorn for "modern education with its preference for the materialistic sciences and neglect of the ennobling humanities." So, of course, the first evening of my visit, my uncle and I had the same discussion which years ago had raged so fiercely between the old classicist and the young scientific student. But this time, although provided with

much better weapons, I let the old man win an easy victory, and he went off to bed at his usual early hour, quoting triumphantly from his beloved Horace:

"Odi profanum vulgus et arceo."

Then Alice and I heaped up the logs in the big fireplace—for the first snow-storm of the season was now raging—and began to make plans for the coming Christmas festivities, as quite a number of the widely scattered family would re-assemble this year after a long absence.

But our talk soon drifted into reminiscences of the former meetings of the numerous cousins, and then the careworn woman forgot the present in the memories of the joyous past. Her eyes regained their light, and the old fascinating smile illuminated her face. It was my cousin Alice herself come again, and my heart began to throb as in the by-gone years. With a vague flutter I spoke of my youthful devotion.

"It's nearly twelve o'clock, and I must go to bed," she exclaimed, rising. A sudden change passed over her. The light in her eyes vanished, the youth and brightness faded out of her face, and the pale, worn woman again stood before me.

"Yes, it *is* late," I rejoined. "It is not ten years ago. Good night."

She passed to the door leading into the hall, and opened it.

"Cousin Ned, would you mind standing at the foot of the stairs while I go up? Father has put out the light, and, old as I am, I am still afraid in the dark."

I went and stood with her a moment in the hall.

"Good night."

Suddenly the light in the sitting room flared brightly, and then went out. Alice uttered a piercing cry, and clung to me for support.

"It's nothing, I said." "The wind has blown out the light. There's quite a draft here. Come, we'll relight it."

"No, it was not the wind!" she exclaimed, trembling. "I tell you it was *not* the wind!" And, loosing her clasp, she fled upstairs.

Although somewhat disturbed by my

cousin's agitation, I had no doubt but that the draft from the cold hall had extinguished the light, and striking a match, I went to the lamp. It had not been blown out; the wick was turned down.

Suspecting some trick on the part of an over-facetious servant, I examined the doors and windows. All, except the hall door and the one opening into my bed chamber which adjoined the sitting room, were locked, and in my room also, both windows were fastened on the inside. I looked under the bed and the tables, and into the closets, but without finding anyone. I made a careful examination of the lamp, but though of an old fashioned pattern, it was in excellent condition. Then I seated myself by the fire, and endeavored to fathom this peculiar phenomenon, hoping it might occur again, now that I was better prepared for investigation.

No thought of any supernatural agency entered my mind. I had witnessed so many marvelous manifestations of known natural forces that this occurrence presented itself to me merely as an unrecorded effect of some still unknown force whose place in the great cycle of energy had not yet been settled. In due time it too would undoubtedly be classified and measured.

I had sat there for over an hour when the hall door opened noiselessly, and a white figure glided into the room. I must confess that, in spite of my scientific faith, a benumbing chill crept up my spinal column, and thrilled me to the roots of my hair. I could neither move nor speak. I could only watch with a fixed stare the figure as it slowly crossed the room.

"Kennett!" it softly murmured.

It was the voice of Alice. The spell was gone; I sprang to my feet. She did not notice my movement, and, from the vacant look in her widely distended eyes, I saw that she was in a somnambulistic condition. With the greatest possible care I awakened her. As soon as she realized where she was, she retired, covered with shame, to her room.

However, just as I was about going to bed, Alice returned, attired in a warm wrapper.

"Could you sit up with me a little while, Cousin Ned? I can't bear to go to bed just yet."

I assented, put on a fresh log, and drew her chair close to the fire. The storm was raging more fiercely than ever, and the rattling windows were covered thick with frost. For some time we sat silent, watching the sparks as they sped up the wide chimney. Finally, with a great effort, she spoke:

"You must have been surprised at my strange conduct when the light went out, as well as by my dreadful sleep-walking, and—and—I feel I owe you an explanation. Besides, I have kept my secret so long that it will surely kill me if I still remain silent. It seems as though I must tell it to-night to someone—someone who will understand. You, I am certain, won't misunderstand me. I have often wished I were a Catholic that I might confess my trouble to a priest. Will you be my confessor?"

"Yes, Alice."

She made an effort to begin, but the words seemed to fail her. Clasping her hands nervously, she looked at me with a beseeching gaze. I understood.

"I too have suffered."

"I know it, Ned. And that, too, was on account of my wretched vanity, my cruel folly." Then she seemed to find the way to begin, and asked: "Did I say anything in my sleep when I came into the room?"

"Yes, you spoke the name, 'Kennett', very softly."

"It was Kennett, and it always will be Kennett! Did you ever know Kennett Berkeley?"

"No."

"You should have known him. He was so grand, so true, so superior to other men—and far too good for me to whom he gave his love. And I—I often used to torture him just to please my silly vanity. It used to flatter me to think that I could so move him,—so indifferent to other

women, so sensitive to my slightest frown or smile! You know our engagement was a long one—five years. Cousin Ned, if you ever find a woman who truly loves you, marry her as soon as you can. No matter how little money you may have; don't wait for more! Love is too precious to be trifled with, and an engaged woman is a dangerous thing. She is cut off from the attentions of other men, from their admiration—at least if they feel any liking for her they never show it—and if she has any coquetry in her nature, she will miss this terribly, and try to make up for it by teasing her lover. A woman loves power—at least I did—and Kennett had to suffer just to show that I could rule *one* man at least. O, he was so tender, so patient with me, so forbearing! But several times during our engagement I know I made him regret that he had ever seen my face—and he, working so hard to make money for us! Oh, Kennett, Kennett!" she cried, forgetting my presence, "what a wicked woman I was!—just because I knew that one smile of mine would recompense you for days of misery, to—" and she hid her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. Then, looking up through her tears with a rapt expression, she continued: "But now you know that I have buried my old, domineering temper with your dear body in the grave, and—but, Cousin Ned, forgive me; I'll try to keep to my story."

"So we went on, quarreling and making up; but each new quarrel left a deeper wound that was harder to heal, and finally—Ned, it was exactly five years ago to-night—Kennett and I were sitting by the fire. It was nearly twelve o'clock. Just such another storm was raging, and father had invited him to stay. It really wasn't safe for him to attempt going home, three miles away, on such a night. He was to occupy the very room you now have. Well, after father had gone to bed, I began to tease Kennett. He was determined not to be annoyed, and was—O, so lovely and patient! But I—Cousin Ned, I can't—I can't tell you the dreadful things I said

and did just to make him suffer; and the lovelier he was the worse I grew, and,—and—at last I succeeded. He said—O, I can't repeat it!—but the words will burn in my soul till the judgment day, they were so terrible and yet so true. And I—I rose in a fearful passion—and said that all was over between us, and gave him back his ring, and left the room. But I had scarcely put my foot on the stairs when it came over me like a flash—how wicked, how vile I had been, and how I deserved everything he had said, and more too.

"For a while I stood there, struggling with my pride and my love. At last my love conquered. I turned to go back—but—before I could reach the door, he—put out the light—just as you saw it go to-night—the wrong way at first, so that it flamed up brilliantly, and—then came the same dreadful darkness.

"I ran upstairs, thinking that next morning I could make it all right again as usual. But next morning—O, Ned, it was a fearful day! He wasn't in his room—he had left during the night by the window which opens on the porch. In spite of the snow I went to his house. He was not there. A party of men set out in search of him, and—and I went with them," she gasped, covering her face with her hands, "and—and saw his dead body at the railroad station. He had tried to go home on the track, and had been—crushed out of all human likeness by a train. Perhaps he had thought in that way to end all—but, no, no, no, I can never believe that! He was too brave, too good for such a thing! It is unworthy of him to harbor even for a moment the thought of it!

"I hoped and prayed that I might die, too; but God made me live. Since then my only thought has been to make myself worthy of Kennett, so that, when I die, I shall go to him.

"And I know that Kennett was here to-night. Now, don't contradict me—please! It was he. After I went upstairs, while wide awake I saw him, and spoke with him. And I know now that God has

heard my prayers, and will soon take me to Kennett, and join us together forever."

II.

The next day the house was in a turmoil of preparation. Alice worked with an energy which inspired the servants, and led me to unwonted exertions. By evening the results showed; bright fires blazed in every grate, curtains were hung in the long unused chambers, and branches of fragrant evergreen gave a holiday air to the house. The old place seemed to shake off its melancholy and take on its former aspect. The heavy snowfall of the preceding night had covered all the neglect and decay of the grounds, had hung the unkempt hedges and shrubbery with delicate white wreaths, and had made the road to the house look like an enchanted pathway. The visitors who were to arrive the next day would be greeted by a view far different from the bleak desolation which I had seen.

During the day we had both been too busy to have any connected conversation, and no reference had been made to the events of the preceding night; but, after my uncle had gone to bed, I gave my cousin a physico-psychological lecture, which I had put into shape during the afternoon, and in which I considered I had treated the phenomena in an exceedingly clear and satisfactory manner.

Alice listened patiently, never interrupting, and followed the line of argument with such an appearance of deep interest, that at times I felt quite encouraged, and believed that, after a little more of the same treatment, she too would see the matter in the clear light of science, and would wonder how she ever could have thought it had any supernatural basis. But when I closed, with what I thought was an especially logical demonstration, she said in a weary, but determined tone:

"It's no use, Cousin Ned, to try to bring me to your way of looking at things. I can make no reply to your arguments. With your superior knowledge you can easily talk me down, and silence any

objections that I could bring; but you can never convince me that it was not Kennett who put out the light—who was with me last night, and spoke so lovingly and forgivingly. Besides, what happened then is not the only thing. Strange sounds have been heard in the house lately, and not only by me; so you can't put them down to *my* heated imagination. I know that these things portend the end of my trouble—"

"But, my dear cousin, don't you see—"

"No, I can't, I can't see. I can't even discuss this any more. It would make me wretched to have my lovely belief shaken by your hard, unfeeling science. I am too happy in it ever to give it up. Good night. You will soon see that what I have said is true."

After she had gone upstairs, I sat musing for some time, and finally saw the uselessness of attempting to shake her convictions. I must also confess that I too was deeply affected by what had passed between us, and for the first time began to entertain a doubt of the efficacy of mere physical theories in the explanation of all the knowable universe.

When I went to bed I was utterly unable to sleep. My mind would not be turned from the consideration of my cousin's case. I could easily account for her hallucinations and invincible beliefs, but the matter of the lamp remained an insoluble problem. I tossed about in a state of extreme nervous agitation. Then to my excited imagination the sad story presented itself with a startling reality. I could almost hear the voices of the lovers as if coming from the next room, and the sound of Alice's footsteps as she went out into the hall after the fatal words had been spoken. I fancied I could see Kennett enter my room, and pace up and down in his agony—he too, struggling with his pride and his love. It seemed as though I felt him throw himself upon the bed, only to toss about in still greater torture; murmuring her name in passionate accents. Then, when his pride and wounded self-respect had finally gained the mastery, I thought I saw him rise,

and pass out by the window to meet his death on the track.

Completely worn out by my own wild fancies, I was just dropping off to sleep, when strange noises began to come from different parts of the room. There were raps on the wardrobe door, then on the table, and finally on the headboard of the bed.

"What nonsense!" I exclaimed aloud.

Instead of ceasing, the raps grew louder, and I distinctly heard sounds as of footsteps pacing up and down the floor with maddening regularity, then the pillow moved under my head with an undulating motion. I sat up in bed. The fire in the grate dimly lighted all parts of the room, but I could see nothing. The rapping might be explained by the furniture cracking in the bitter cold. But the sound of footsteps and the movement of the pillow which still continued from time to time? Could it be possible that my mind, strengthened by years of scientific research, and my senses, sharpened by numerous experiments, were to become the victims of the very illusions which, but a short time before, I had so successfully explained? In spite of all my efforts at self-control, I was actually shivering from apprehension. It was impossible to remain any longer in bed while that pillow continued its unaccountable movements. I dressed myself and sat down by the fire. I did not light the lamp; that would have been too cowardly. With a strong effort of the will I resolved that I would not allow myself to be affected, and the exertion of dressing had so aroused my faculties that I had now more power over myself. The sound of footsteps ceased; only an occasional rap continued to come from the furniture, but this merely amused me.

"Well," thought I with a laugh. "I have commenced my experiments in illusions sooner than I intended. My imagination has furnished all the accessories to my cousin's story, and has succeeded in producing quite a realistic effect."

Suddenly the shutter of the window-

blind turned, and, by the bright moonlight which flooded everything outside, I saw a tall figure, clad in some waving garment, look in upon me.

For a moment my heart ceased beating. Then with a desperate effort I sprang to my feet.

The figure turned, glided from the porch, and wavered down the path to the gate. I flung open the window, and sprang after it in swift pursuit. When I reached the gate the figure had disappeared.

I halted, a strange whirl of ideas and fancies in my brain. This was the most terrible illusion of all. Filled with a vague terror, I was about to retrace my steps, when I discovered fresh footprints in the snow, leading over a field toward the railroad near by. My courage returned.

"After all, it *is* a human being," I thought, as I continued my pursuit.

When I reached the track, I discovered the figure moving up and down as though looking for some one. I hastened toward it, and recognized my cousin Alice, who had evidently, in another somnambulist state, sallied forth into the winter night, searching for her lost Kennett.

As I lifted her into my arms she awoke, and, looking tenderly into my eyes, she murmured:

"You have come for me, Kennett, my own dear Kennett?"

"Yes, Alice," I answered, seeing that her mind was wandering. And I hurried toward the house, as her slender form was already stiffening with the cold.

"So you have forgiven me at last?" she whispered, lying her head trustfully on my shoulder. "I have tried so hard to make amends for my sin. And you will never again regret that you love your poor Alice,—will you my darling?"

"No, never!" I replied, hurrying still faster.

"I always knew—that—you—you would come—back for me," she continued in a rapidly failing voice. "And—and—now we shall be so happy—so happy together, Kennett—my—own—dearest—Kennett!"

A slight shiver passed over her, and then she lay still and silent. I reached her home, and roused the household. Every available restorative was employed, but in vain. She had died with the name of her lover upon her lips, and a smile of reconciliation transfigured her face.



MOONRISE.

I SAW the round moon rising from the sea,
 One summer evening, from a lonely isle
 Hard by the northern coast. A ruined pile,
 Seat of some ancient lord of Brittany,
 Revealed its lines in ghostly tracery,
 As o'er the placid waves for many a mile
 The mellow moonlight, "like a silver Nile,"
 Came floating, flowing, pulsing down to me.

I stood in mute bewilderment—entranced.
 That throbbing mystery, the ocean, seemed
 With all its might and mystery enhanced,
 In the white radiance over all that streamed;
 And the enchantment, as the night advanced,
 Was deeper, sweeter than my soul had dreamed!

Andrew Downing.

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S TALE.

BY ERNST HOFER.

I CONFESS to one superstition—a belief in the propitiation of fortune. I believe bad luck can be staved off by a little foresight, and good luck can be turned our way by a little good-will offering as a bribe to the jealous and fickle goddess that watches over human affairs. As the Greeks and Romans offered up sacrifices before going on a journey or undertaking a great enterprise, and as the American millionaire offers up a few hundred thousand on the altar of a church or college before starting for the country to which no return trip tickets are put on sale, so I have formed the habit of giving up a few shekels as I proceed through life, which offering I consider as good an investment as life insurance.

Indeed, if I had to choose between taking out an accident policy and my custom of giving the man who hauls my baggage an extra quarter at the station, I would adopt the latter as the surer means of warding off a mishap. I am never stingy with the newsy, and if I can manage to let something go in his favor without wounding his sensibilities, I always incur the risk of hurting his feelings. I have ever felt that an extra quarter to the porter, a tip to the dining-car boys, an extra nickel to the newsboy at a junction, or a gratuity to the wayside mendicant in a large city, though encouraging a thriftless class of rascality, sometimes smoothed the dangerous places in life's journey. You can't shake my belief that this custom has enabled me to escape being mangled in several train-wrecks, to say nothing about avoiding the seductive strains of sirens that often woo men to destruction as they sail between the rocks and whirlpools of life's voyage, en route for the grand central depot on the other shore.

I had taken the elegant "Diagonal"

limited train for a pretty town in the northwest, where I hoped to arrive on Christmas eve in time to conclude one of the most important engagements of my life, and that, too, with a customer waiting for me, and who would wait as patiently for no other. A heavy wind and snow set in as we reached Des Moines, and before we got out of sight of the great golden dome of the Capitol we were in the midst of a howling blizzard of inky blackness, and temperature far below zero.

I retired early. The porter gave me a whole section, took charge of my transportation, tucked me in warmly, put on extra storm-protectors to keep the snow from blowing in through the joints of even the double plate-glass Pullman windows, and I was soon sleeping as soundly as James Whitcomb Riley's "Old John Henry," who—

Sleeps like a babe when he goes to bed,—

And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread.

Some time after midnight I awoke, realizing that something was wrong. Not a sound was to be heard, or a movement to be felt, indicating that our fast train was at a standstill. Outside was to be heard the tinkling of icy crystals on the windows of the coach, with the occasional sough of the wind as it howled over the prairie. The porter was snoring in the other end of the car, and I turned over and was soon sound asleep again.

Unpleasant dreams always come, if at all, in my first period of somnolence. The hastily swallowed point of a hotel pickle has sometimes cost me a bloody nightmare, in which I murdered a rival knight of the grip, who had invaded my preserve of a special customer, or met in deadly combat the still more dreaded representative of sales "from the factory direct." But my second sleep usually brings recompense by reproductions on

the wonderful canvas of memory of the pleasant things of life. And on that night I had a vision of the fairest face on earth pillowed beside mine. In my madness I touched the rosy lips and sought to stroke the features with sacrilegious hand—to my regret my sleep was broken. In vain I sought to close my eyes and again fall into a doze that would recall the delightful vision. It had vanished to return no more, and I was again a prosaic salesman on the road, with no place to call my home, and eating a different brand of digestibles at every meal.

Daylight found us with drifts piled half-way up the car windows. Our engine had stalled in the blizzard shortly after midnight, and was dead to the affairs of this world. We hustled out, and a path was shovelled to the nearest building, which proved to be the station at a junction town. Our train had struggled through the terrors of the storm only to be caught in the cold embrace of the ice king on a siding while waiting for a connecting train that did not arrive.

The railroad officials did all in their power to cheer the few passengers and furnished us a breakfast of elementary proportions, while we alternately toasted and froze in the little waiting-room and occasionally wandered back to our snow-bound train.

Over a hundred miles from my destination, with a blizzard raging and a stalled train, I began to think of propitiating fortune. What charm could spirit away this blockade that had stopped trains running in all three directions of the "Diagonal" line? I began to cast about for objects upon which to expend petty bribes "to win Dame Fortune's golden smile."

But, alas! There were no beggars in that thrifty Iowa town. It was too small to support newspapers or bootblacks. There was positively no one that you could with propriety give anything to, but the sleeping-car porter, and he had already been remembered. I recalled a German Methodist preacher I had once known in the county where I was

reared, and he had moved to this very town. Inquiry of the man who carried the mails to the trains that now neither came nor went revealed the fact that here was my opening out of the blizzard blockade.

"Can you show me where he lives?"

The Star Route man pointed down a street, half a mile away through the drifts of unbroken snow, shaking his head as he looked at my well-groomed figure and faultless tailor-made clothes. "You! go down to where the little Dutch preacher lives? in them clothes? You'll make a pretty mess of it and like as not be found dead in a snow-bank after the storm goes away."

The man only whetted my desire for a sacrifice as he piled up the obstacles to my venturing out in the storm.

"Besides, they're all sick down there, and he's poorer than Job's turkey."

That settled it.

To the amazement of all I prepared myself for the plunge through a half-mile of drifts underneath and the marrow-chilling blasts of smoke-colored blizzard atmosphere overhead. Arctic overshoes, with my trousers tied down with twine, nose and ear protectors and a fur ulster collar turned up over my head, constituted an equipment for my voyage of discovery.

By avoiding the deepest drifts and shying alongside of fences that let the wind cut through, I was at the house in half an hour.

"Ach Gott, vat a subprise!" said the Rev. Mr. Schmitt, after I had explained to him who I was. "Und de tay pefore Krismuss; id ish too goot, too goot; I musht dell my frau!"

And the little unkempt, grizzled, sal-low-faced man, with a dirty handkerchief about his neck and dressed in a suit of shabby black—now much the worse for wear, and with the inevitable stains of the kitchen and nursing children and sick people, shuffled away into another room, leaving me to gather my scattered senses and realize where I was.

The little house was nearly buried in

snow. The tightly closed windows, heavily frosted, made breathing almost a luxury. With an invalid wife and nearly a dozen children, an overpowering combination of smells from the kitchen, and the overheated room, I felt very much like fainting, and only recovered as the little man returned and said I must excuse his wife, she was not fit to see anyone.

"Zit down an' maage yourself gomvertable."

I sat down; to be comfortable was impossible. I was already studying how to get into the open air.

"You see, ve vas pootcherin doo hoggs ven dis sthorm game on un vere ride in de midst of it. We made a lodd ov sassage-wurst, und blud-wurst, und my daughter she's maaged headcheese und trying oud lard und bikkling pigs-feed, und dis sthorm game on und we kand hardly turn around und some ov dees dings musst schmell gind a gweere du you, don't id?"

I accepted the apology and began to feel sorry for the man who must compound sermons under such a depressing combination of circumstances that would have tended to make an ordinary man swear. The little preacher seemed to bustle about in all this confusion of smells, disorder and seventeen kinds of distress, and with several coughing and croupy children to boot, serenely unconscious of anything to ruffle his temper. An occasional glance of solicitude toward the chamber where lay his bed-ridden wife, was the only trace of distress that one could discover in his jolly, greasy, and, I must say, even dirty, physiognomy.

I will not moralize on the situation. Anyone can do that. Besides, there is altogether too much preaching in the world. Between jumping up and sitting down, to attend to his multifarious duties, he gave me a short story of his ups and downs since he left Ohio some ten years ago. It struck me that his lot had been principally downs. He did not seem to consider himself less fortu-

nate than he deserved to be, and told me in a burst of confidence that his last "donation" had brought him nearly enough to pay his wife's doctor bill for the past year.

"Und now you maag us so habby py a fissit pefore Weihnachten!" And he fairly bubbled over and beamed with joy, while a hollow cough sounded from the chamber within and several of the children were dispatched to their mother's bedside.

Well, it is unnecessary to say that, believing as I do, I only left when I could no longer stand the stifling air, rank with burning lard and reeking with a score of mingled scents ranging from chopped garlic and allspice to the less savory odors from preparations for sausage making, and not until I had emptied every last cent out of my pockets and bestowed it upon this man of many burdens.

I made my way back to the station feeling I had done my level best to get to my journey's end for that memorable Christmas eve—at least so far as flying in the face of common sense and giving away the last stiver. I could not exactly justify my course to myself. Was I not foolhardy, so far from my friends, stuck in a blizzard that might last three days?

It was after noon when I reached the train and thawed out. Many of the passengers expected never to see me again; they wanted to know all about my ministerial friend; who, they seemed to think, could be no less than a bishop, or at least a presiding elder, to be worthy of such an effort to see him. We killed time as best we could. The railroad people improvised another meal. The sky lightened a little after midday and we discussed the possibility of getting out. But not a wheel was turning and the wires were all down except to one little station off on the Burlington. Several efforts were made to get engines out of the little roundhouse near by, but the snow was so deep and there was no way to put on men enough to clear the tracks, and snow plows were wanting.

The outlook was dismal enough for

spending Christmas eve with my best customer.

What was that? We all rushed to the door and out on the platform. It was not the music of the wind but the mocking, piercing duet of a pair of iron steeds champing their bits over the storm-bound prairies.

Up the Burlington came two engines and a caboose back of a snow plow, throwing columns of "the beautiful" hundreds of feet in every direction, ploughing right on past us at twenty miles an hour.

Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, when that first ship passed on and sailed out of sight under the horizon before his eyes, did not feel worse in the bottom of his heart than did one man in that group.

To my most agreeable surprise the engines and snow plow returned after they had torn their way through a deep cut just beyond the town. The engines took water and coal. Did I not make quick movements to get aboard that caboose? Had a traveling man with his grip full of mileage books on all roads in Iowa, forgotten the importance of prompt action on such an occasion? In response to the conductor's muttered protest that he was not to carry passengers, I murmured something about Christmas eve, and he relented. I was soon rushing away, borne on to a junction, with the Milwaukee main line sixty miles away, behind a craft less certain to keep the track than a comet is to keep its orbit; but I felt no fear. Had I not propitiated fortune?

We were once derailed, we smashed a bridge but went over it safely, and finally pulled into the next junction only to see the through mail train standing on the Milwaukee main line nearly four blocks away. I made the greatest run of my life. We had struck softer weather. The streets were slushy. My rather big feet threw up a wake behind like a stern-

wheel steamer, but I caught my train as it was pulling out of the depot.

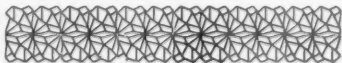
Need I say I was happy? I was not even exhausted. Men are not generally exhausted when they succeed. I dropped into my seat and we sped on the Council Bluffs flyer to my destination, yet forty miles away. It was night. We were an hour behind time, with some chance of making up, on this main line where trains keep the track always open. I fell into one of those delightful reveries that a man accustomed to travel can indulge in a well warmed coach. The dull roar of a heavy train in midwinter in a cold country has a music of its own that words cannot describe. It is the rhapsody of civilization, the triumph of science over the elemental forces of nature.

What a slender thread of circumstances I had traveled along to make my successful journey! And how millions of capital and the resources of rival and unfriendly corporations had been brought into requisition at my command, as it were! I now felt sure that when I was struggling through that half-mile of snow drifts, I was really covering the hundred miles that lay between me and my destination. Had I not propitiated fortune by casting at her feet my last cent in a home of poverty?

Christmas eve! I awoke from a sound sleep just as the train was roaring into the town where I had the appointment with my best customer. A cab whirled me to a brilliantly lighted home in the residence part, where the bright face I had seen in my dream met me at the hall door.

"We heard the trains were all blocked on the roads south. How in the world did you ever get here? You have just time to go up stairs and dress. The guests are all here and the minister is waiting."

I folded her in my arms. And need I tell you the rest?



PAUL PETROVETSKY.

BY WILLIAM HAYWARD.

Author of "The Hegerland Diamond" and "August Koksurik."

I.

THERE were four of us in the party—all hunters—sportsmen of the true type. We had had three days of good shooting, and had bagged geese and brant on Duck Lake, and ducks on Goose Lake, in numbers sufficient to satisfy the ambition of all. A change in the weather had come, and we were compelled to spend the day in the old farm-house at which we were stopping; a farm-house situated in the midst of undulating Dakota plains.

The change in the weather which had stopped our sport was simply a change in the wind. With early morning the gentle southwest breeze had whipped to the northwest, and was now coming down on us with the force of a hurricane. This wind seemed to spring from leaden-colored clouds that grew more dense as the day progressed—but what appeared to be clouds were simply volumes of dust which had been raised by the wind itself; the fierce element was parent, not offspring, to the darkness.

The chill of November was in the wind as it battled against the unpainted sides of the house, and moaned as it swept around angles and corners. Dried vegetable débris of all kinds was whirled into the air, swept from the thousands of acres of virgin prairie to the north and west of us, and was formed in banks as it met fences and other obstructions. The few cottonwood and box-elder trees surrounding the house which had withstood the fury of former storms battled one another with bare limbs; shingles flew from the roof; haystacks were upset in the barnyard, and clouds of driven dust filled the ears, nose and eyes of those of us who dared turn toward the northwest for a peep at the peculiarly awful sky.

It had been a dull day for us four. Men out for sport and bent on having it are

hard to please when the inclemency of the weather steps in to stop them. We passed most of the day in good-natured wrangling as to the merits of our respective guns, huntsman's jackets, etc. One man nursed a lame shoulder, another a sprained foot, and so garrulousness and the fumes of arnica were well mixed. Towards night we were as tired a lot as one could have found anywhere. Thoroughly wearied with the good-natured hectoring going on around me, I took my hat and passed through the door.

Passing a corner of the house I turned northwest, in the direction of the barnyard. I put forth all the energy I possessed to walk steadily in the face of the gale. It was a hard undertaking, and soon wearying I quickened my pace and began to run. By throwing my shoulders forward I made fair progress. One can run in the face of a strong wind where walking is well nigh impossible. I should have passed through the barnyard and out upon the prairie to the north had my attention not been arrested by the words, "Better come here and sit down, Mr. Benson; you'll find it a leetle easier I reckon."

Turning, I perceived, seated on some straw, the old farmer with whom we were staying—Silas Poppleton. A cattle-shed to the north of him broke the force of the wind at the spot where he rested; and, as I was growing tired, I availed myself of his invitation—sinking down upon the straw beside him.

"See that a-comin'?" said Poppleton, as I rested my head on my hand and took a long breath.

"Yes—sure as you live, it's a man! a deformed man—a cripple! Who is it?"

The one alluded to was a hundred yards or so away, and approaching us with slow, tortuous steps; it seemed difficult for him to walk, so crippled was he.

At the moment I could not help thinking he was the most deformed specimen of humanity I had ever seen. His legs were bent, his arms were too long for his body, he was hump-shouldered, and his head seemed to be resting on his shoulders.

"That's Paul Petrovetsky, the hump-backed Rooshan, an' I reckon a little the meanest man an' worst thief in the Dakotas. Lives in the shanty west yonder with a half board an' half shingle roof—that 'n that hain't got a danged winder in it. Lives like a dog an' steals like a professional. He stole a buggy-whip from me an' a set of harness from Gib Green. There ain't a decent family in the whole community that ain't missed somethin'—yet in spite of his thievin' I'll bet my last dollar he's a-comin' here to ask me to do him some favor. You just listen to me talk to him—I ain't got no sympathy for a thievin' Rooshan—'specially on a day like this!"

"Bad day—yis, yis, ver'—wind—" said the cripple as he came near us—he was nearly out of breath.

"Who said it warn't?" from Poppleton.

"Mud—vot you say—mudder—she was ver' sick—yis, yis—"

"No doubt," from Poppleton.

"You send your boy—yis—he go for doctor—if please—I no can leave mudder."

"No."

"No?"

"No," said Poppleton, vehemently.

"Mudder, she die—yis—yis—no—no—Oh God!"

"There 'll be one less thievin' Rooshan then," said Poppleton to me in a low voice; after which he turned to the cripple and said: "Look-a-here, Petrovetsky, I ain't a-goin' to send my boy anywhere on a day like this. You go home an' take the best care you can of your mother—chances are ten to one she'll get well jest from pure cussedness. Now start, an' don't you ever set foot on these premises again. An' Petrovetsky, see that little house a-standin' clost to the barn?"

"Yis, yis!"

"Well, that's my harness-room, don't

you go too close to it on your way back, or dang my buttons if I don't set the dogs on you! You look at that harness-house as though you never see it afore. I say, Petrovetsky, when you going to bring back my whip?"

"Whip—whip—whip—no—no—no—no—got whip!"

"There you go addin' lyin' to thievin'; you ain't got my whip, an' I reckon you ain't got Gib Green's harness, nor Bill Plankinton's whippetrees, nor Widder Horton's churn, nor Harry Larkin's screw-driver. It's a lie, and you know it, Petrovetsky—a lie and you know it. Now git right off'n these premises an' stay off; I ain't got no room for you nor none of your thievin' countrymen. Now start, afore I call the dogs; d'you here, Petrovetsky?"

"Yis, yis," said the cripple, as he turned his face quartering with the storm and started to retrace his steps.

During this one-sided conversation two things had surprised me—our host's language in his discourse with the cripple—and the latter's face. Silas Poppleton had been one of the most genial and kind-hearted of hosts, so much so in fact that I would not have believed his cruel words spoken in sober vein, had it not been for the rigidity of his features and the look of spiteful determination visible in his eyes. Words more cruel or heartless I had never heard addressed to a human being before; but that he meant them, every word, was plain. They were words that Petrovetsky did not merit if his face was an indication of the man. There was nothing vicious or criminal about it; in fact I could not help thinking that it would be a manly face if set on the shoulders of a well proportioned man, and cleansed of a certain look of hopeless despair that seemed to have settled there.

"You are rather hard on that poor fellow, Mr. Poppleton," I could not help saying, as the bent form of the Russian passed into the tall, waving grass and disappeared.

"Ain't said a word that I'm ashamed of," he replied. "'Gain you'd lived here long as I have, an' knew these Rooshans

as well as I do, you'd think there warn't anythin' too mean to say to 'em. They're a worse curse than drought an' hot winds. They come here and settle amongst us an' then live like dogs, an' steal like parrots. Ten to one, that feller's mother ain't sick at all—only shammin'—and that he's here on a tour of observation, to see what's handy for him to lay his han's on after dark. If I had the makin' of the laws, I'd send every one of 'em back to Roosha, or hang 'em, an' there wouldn't be many who'd ever reach Roosha again either. What do we want with a people here in Dakota who work like dogs, feed all they raise to their hogs, an' steal what little they want to eat themselves? I'm enough of a Missourian to say, blast your furrin element!—America for Americans, is my doctrine. There ain't nobody in this whole country sympathizes with that thief, Paul Petrovetsky, nor any other Rooshan, except Deacon Potter, an' he's a Baptis' an' so kind-hearted that he'd sympathize with the devil if 'twant agin the cold water doctrine."

"But, Mr. Poppleton, they surely are not all bad people! Why don't you have this Petrovetsky arrested for stealing—make an example of him—give the others a lesson?"

"Why don't we? Well, jest 'cause we ain't got no evidence agin 'im—only his da-goned homely face an' skulkin' ways. If we had we wouldn't need any trial—we'd string 'em up."

"Not lynch him?"

"Yes, lynch 'im."

The argument was beginning to aggravate me and I resolved to change the subject. I could not help feeling that I was getting interested on the Russian side, and in another minute I would have pitched into Poppleton for his vindictiveness and unreasonableness. We talked on various other topics for an hour or more—topics on which I found my host more reasonable. Then I arose to return to the house, intending to light my pipe and sit down for a quiet smoke.

I had not gone far in that direction when Poppleton, who was following me,

gave utterance to the words, "Look there!" in a shrill voice—so shrill that it was unnatural, and that terrified me even before I knew what the trouble was.

"What is it? what is it?" I asked hurriedly.

"Do you see that?"—he pointed toward the northwest.

"I see the dust-clouds—nothing else."

"See that little band of blue curlin' up into them?"

"Yes." The variance in color was slight, but a difference was distinguishable.

"That's prairie fire," said Poppleton in the same shrill voice, "an' if the wind keeps up, may God A'mighty have mercy on us!"

II.

The blue streak in the dust-colored clouds increased until it became the master-color; meanwhile the wind kept up and the dusk came on. For a short space of time a certain smoky haziness seemed to settle around us, and then a bright flame, resembling a red flag fluttering in the wind, could be seen springing from the hilltop far away. Then came another burst of flame—and another—and another! They appeared faster than one could count—they linked themselves together as so many sport-loving children might do, and came forward with solid front, a living wall of fire.

The sky took on a brilliant glow of light, dimming that of moon and stars. Though the flames were still miles distant, a roaring, crackling sound could be heard that was ominous. What we saw and heard was grandly awful—a sight to make brave men tremble, for we stood in the face of a foe that knows no mercy, even after surrender.

There were no idle hands around the old farm-house. Some were throwing water on straw-topped sheds and stacks of grain; others were gathering the loose weeds and grass which the wind had packed against fences, and depositing this débris in safe places. Poppleton and his boys were plowing—fairly racing their horses to throw up as broad a line

of fresh-turned earth as possible north and west of us before the fire's near approach could cut off further effort. Work we must—and work we did—all of us; each realizing that the moment was approaching when further effort would be useless; when we must stand face to face with the flames.

Night came fast, but not darkness, for as the fire approached the red glow in the cloudless sky became brighter. The prairie between us and the fire line was as plain in outline of hill and valley as if seen in day's garish light. Clumps of dried rosinweed and patches of tall slough-grass could be distinguished as easily as houses or other obstructions in the fire's course. In some unexplainable way the smoke was lifted and passed over us. The fire approached with wonderful rapidity. It seemed to jump from hill to valley—from valley to hill—as as swiftly as flame will follow a train of powder. As it swept through the sloughs where the tall grass was, the great flames rose to a wonderful height at one moment, and with the next lay prostrate on the ground—flattened by the wind. The sight was so grand—so awful—that I stopped working at last to gaze upon it, with gaze as fixed and fascinated as if looking into some mammoth serpent's eye.

Directly ahead, and in the path of the flames, two miles or more distant, stood a large, white frame house; the fire was fast bearing down upon it, and I could see a man, a woman and some children at work—running hither and thither. For a moment a mass of flame seemed to tarry to the northwest of the house; it had evidently reached the slight space cleared of debris by the workers. Then came a heavy gust of wind and the fire bounded across and encircled the house. I could see red tongues of flame creep up the white siding and onto the roof—the house was on fire! A feeling as if I were stricken with sudden illness came over me as I thought of those who trusted to the burning walls for protection—yet in spite of this I could not help watching it. As the fire penetrated to the inside, vol-

umes of dense black smoke arose, while the windows sparkled with the brilliancy of diamonds set in ebony. In a space of time so short it seemed incredible, the roof fell in, and a few blazing rafters that remained standing looked like so many dimly burning candles.

"That's Ben Ahern's house that's a-fire, and my little daughter, Minnie, has been visitin' with his children all day—she's there now," said Mrs. Poppleton, with trembling voice.

"The child's doubtless all right; Ahern will of course see to it that the little ones do not suffer," said my comrade encouragingly.

"But where could he put them for safety? The fire seemed to sweep right through his yard. O, if my child was only here!" and the woman wrung her hands and wept, as she called aloud, "Minnie! Minnie! Minnie!"

We tried to comfort her, but words are poor comfort under such circumstances. The mother's heart was fairly overflowing with anguish, as she went from place to place, calling for her child. The thought of the chances of escape against those of destruction made strong lips quiver.

Just then, some one gave a shout that caused us all to look in the direction of the burning house and line of fire, now south of it. A drove of fifty or more cattle came rushing toward us with heads erect and flashing eyes.

"Come, Benson, forward with the rest of us!" shouted one of my companions, as he dashed ahead of me.

"Forward"—what for? To charge those frenzied cattle? No, no; I felt like retreating to the cellar or some other secure place instead.

"To the rescue with the rest us, Benson!" shouted another companion, who was also rushing madly after the first.

"What's the matter?" I inquired, stopping him.

"The child!"

"What child?"

"Don't you see her?"

"No."

"Look on yonder little hill—the one just beyond the low, sloughy ground a couple of hundred yards or so—the one this side of the cattle," and the man was off.

I did look—and what I saw almost froze my blood. Toddling down a gentle decline, just north of the tall grass of the slough, was a little girl. She was coming toward us, her little arms thrown out in front of her, her hair streaming over her shoulders. She was running with all her might. I could see the little feet go in and out of the grass, and I could see, or imagine, a terrified look on her face, even at that distance. I heard Mrs. Poppleton cry, "Minnie! Minnie! Minnie!" again, and then I started as madly as the rest of them.

That the child was Minnie Poppleton I had no doubt. Frightened by the approach of the fire, while yet a long way off, she had doubtless left Ahern's house unobserved and started for home. The fire would overtake her before she could possibly go a third of the distance. As I looked over the long stretch of hill and valley intervening between the foremost of my comrades and the girl, I began to doubt the possibility of his reaching her before the fire; while if anything should happen to stop the toddling steps from coming in our direction there would be no chance at all. I kept my eyes on her as I ran, and on the terrified herd of cattle behind her.

The beasts were now racing down the decline the child had just left, while she had gained the lowland and run into the tall grass, where there was nothing to be seen of her but the little head and shoulders. They would pass her in this tall grass—unless they veered to one side or the other, and that did not seem likely. If one should happen to hit her or even brush her aside in the mad rush, so as to merely daze her, all would be over. To see the little head sink below that tall grass was to know that she was lost.

A few moments—only a few—and the cattle came rushing down the hillside. They are on the edge of the lowland

now, while the child's head just appears above the grass near the center of it. A thrill of horror passes through me as the leader of the infuriated beasts—a big, red bull—rushes into the grass in a straight line with the child. I inadvertently close my eyes for the moment, then look up, expecting the worst; but no—he has passed her without hitting her—passed so close that she could have reached out her tiny hand and touched him. Then come the others, sometimes in twos, sometimes three abreast, all coming with the speed of so many cavalry horses on the charge. Some pass on one side of the child, some on the other. She seems to bear a charmed life. At least three-fourths of the herd have passed, and she has not been so much as touched. As I run, I watch the little head above the grass—it is the object which all of us strive to keep in view. More cattle—yes—and so close! But she still runs—more cattle—yes, more—they have passed her! No, no—my God, no—the head has gone down! The last beast must have brushed against her.

With a cry of horror on every lip we all dash forward again, but it is the dash of despair, for one and all realize that it is too late. The foremost is nearly half a mile from the spot where the child fell, and the flames scarcely three hundred yards behind her.

Suddenly there is a cry—a halt! The figure of a man is seen to the north and west of us, going slowly toward the spot.

He goes with unsteady step; he is bent over; I recognize him!

"I thought we were in the lead," says my companion, turning to me.

"We are in the lead of those who started from Poppleton's," I reply; "but that man comes from the shanty to the west yonder, with the half board and half shingle roof; I saw him to-day and heard him talk. He must have seen the child before we saw her, and started earlier. He is close upon her now—as close as are the flames, or nearer. I believe he can reach her before the fire, but he can't save her; he is

the poor, crippled Russian and he can't run—the fire will overtake and kill them both!"

When the unexpected happens, men often reverse their intentions! Had it not been for the appearance of the Russian on the scene we would doubtless have all plunged ahead toward the spot where the child lay, though knowing that we could not cover half the distance before the fire would sweep over her. Now, we all stood still and watched with beating hearts the actions of the man who, with face to the flames, was going as fast as his poor, decrepit legs could carry him in the direction of the child.

Then came what I believe to have been the most painful moment of my life! With one moment I was certain the Russian would reach the spot before the flames—with the next the flames seemed a sure victor. At last the cripple, stopping, threw one of his arms wildly in the air, and with his other hand clutched his coat-sleeve—then he reversed this action, and the coat was off his back. Throwing the coat hastily on the grass in front of him, he raised the child in his arms, then, lowering her as quickly to the ground, seemed to be wrapping the coat around her. In an instant coat and child came up into his arms again, and turning his face to the flames—now only a few yards away—he made an awkward, sidewise leap into the fire, and was lost to sight. A rousing cheer went up from every throat as he did so! Man loves bravery in man, even though it be the bravery of desperation—the bravery that leads to death!

We retraced our steps; there was nothing else to do! God alone knew whether man and child were dead or alive.

The flames came on fast—fast as a strong man could run. As we reached Poppleton's fence, the fire was but a short distance behind us. It did not jump our barriers, but died out.

Then began a wild rush for the spot where the Russian had plunged into the flames. It was the maddest race I ever took part in; whoever was in the lead in that race was cheered by the others.

We reached the spot at last. In our mad rush we would doubtless have passed it, had it not been for a cry—the cry of a child. Yes, there was the little one, sitting up and crying as though her heart would break. She was badly blackened and thoroughly frightened, but otherwise uninjured. The drenched coat in which the Russian had wrapped her was by her side.

As lusty a cheer as was ever heard on Dakota plains went up from us, as we picked up the child,—but it was the last! We soon discovered the poor cripple, lying a rod or so farther on, in all the horror of deformed and blackened nudity.

"Test his heart, Benson!" said one of the four, as I bent over him. I did so, fairly holding my breath in the hope of detecting even a slight motion,—but the hope was futile—the man was dead.

"Paul Petrovetsky didn't steal my harness after all!" said Gib Green, who had appeared amongst us.

"Paul Petrovetsky didn't steal my buggy whip, either,—an' may God A'mighty forgive me for ever sayin' he did," said Silas Poppleton, as he bent over the lifeless body of the brave cripple, who had died to save his child, while great tears rolled down his hollow cheeks.

AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.

SOME people think a farmer haint no eye
For beauty, an' Dame Nater's wondrous art;
But gazin' on the flowers an' field an' sky
Is half o' life to one old hayseed heart.

Clarence Hawkes.



From a recent photograph.

AN ICE GORGE IN THE YUKON RIVER.

THE YUKON GOLD FIELDS—THEIR OUTPUT AND THEIR PROMISE.

BY FORREST CRISSEY.

CONSERVATIVE business men by tens of thousands have been eagerly awaiting the arrival of the latest boat from the El Dorado of the Northwest in order to gain a comprehensive summary of the conditions developed in Alaska during the past season. Investors of the more venturesome sort have already taken the flood tide of opportunity, preferring to risk much in the hope of securing quick and splendid winnings, rather than wait for action based on a more thorough knowledge of the undertaking but having fewer chances for the making of fabulous fortunes in the earlier stages of the "rush." Timid capitalists, however, have been content to await the coming of another spring before launching their enterprises upon which they expect to realize a smaller but more certain margin of profit.

It is for the information of this latter class of investors that the present article

is written, and it is offered with knowledge that its statements are reliable and conservative, having been obtained from individuals whose sources of information are, by necessity, of a confidential and trustworthy character. These informants are unanimous in the assertion that the available wealth of the Yukon gold region has not been over-estimated in the reports brought by returning adventurers and that the developments of the near future will surpass the expectations based by practical business men and experienced miners upon the seemingly extravagant accounts which have stirred the entire country into a state of excitement not equaled in the history of the western continent.

The questions which those having friends or relatives in Alaska, those who contemplate a personal pilgrimage to the remote land of gold and those concerned in present and prospective enterprises in

the Yukon country, are most anxiously asking cover the following subjects:

1. The total amount of gold taken out, the extent of new discoveries and developments, and the prospects of the future as viewed from the standpoint of the close of the season.
2. A careful showing of the extent and nature of the food supplies, and exact location of same, together with the location and accessibility of the supply depots.
3. The actual number of persons who have gone into the country this season, and an analysis of the character of the new and old population.
4. The winter mail facilities.
5. How the miners will pass the time and how they will be governed.
6. The big "strikes" of the season.

As it is probable that no person outside the Yukon region has at his command as great a mass of authentic information upon these points as Mr. Portus B. Weare, the practical executive head of the North American Transportation and Trading Company, his fitness to enlighten the public cannot be questioned. In answering the interrogations put by the writer, Mr. Weare summarized the contents of the confidential advices upon which the plans and movements of his company for the coming season have been shaped and by which he has been governed in transactions of great magnitude. This fact gives to his statements a peculiar weight and entitles them to careful consideration on the part of all who, for equally serious reasons, desire to arrive at a broad and accurate understanding of the conditions now prevailing in the Yukon gold camps.

"From a careful consideration of all worthy reports which have come to my hands," said Mr. Weare, "I have estimated that an aggregate of not less than \$7,000,000 in gold was taken out of the Yukon fields during last summer and the previous winter. This, however, may be questioned by those who have kept an incidental watch upon the actual amount of dust brought into the States by returning miners. Only those who are in position to know something of the amount held over in the hands of the miners and the trading companies, can be reasonably expected to confirm my estimate; but reliable information leads me to believe that fully \$3,000,000 of the last season's output is still held in the

cabins and trading posts, while \$4,000,000 in dust and nuggets was brought on the returning steamers.

"The output for the present winter and next summer depends, of course, entirely upon the number of men working this winter and the energy and intelligence with which they pursue the rigorous vocation of winter mining. It is not probable, however, that fewer than one thousand men in the Klondike and Birch Creek districts will be steadily digging during the long winter. If this number of miners are at their tasks the output for the winter-and-summer season will not be less than ten million dollars. Fully five million dollars of pay dirt will be taken out this winter, in all probability. This is the most accurate estimate at which I have been able to arrive. The large increase over last season is anticipated not so much on account of the increased mining population but because the work will be prosecuted in a more thorough and systematic manner and will have the benefit of the large amount of purely preparatory labor which has heretofore been expended upon the claims. It may be broadly said that up to the present time the larger proportion of miners have simply been getting ready to work, stripping down to the pay streak, which is from four to twenty feet below the surface.

"The question of provisions is a vital one and the people of the States are entitled to a more definite and intelligent presentation of the food resources and their location than has yet been made. Very naturally this is a problem to which I have given painstaking thought and investigation, and the results of such research by no means justify the extreme and alarming reports that have been current in many newspapers. In speaking of the food supply for a given number of persons it is to be understood that this means a sufficiency to last from the close of river navigation until the middle of next June when new supplies can be brought in by boat. The figures and statistics which I have collected from

our latest Alaskan advices make the following showing:

"Dawson City, which has a present population of about 6,500, has food supplies for 2,500; Circle City and Fort Yukon, three hundred miles below Dawson City, have now about 300 inhabitants with food supplies for 2,500 people; Fort Cudahy, forty-five miles below Dawson, with a population of 150, has ample provisions for 500 men; at Russian Mission, where there are scarcely fifty people, are supplies for 1,500 men, this point being only 800 miles from the Klondike; at Fort Get There, on St. Michael's Island,

to points at which the supplies were stored. The trip from Dawson City to Fort Yukon can be made over the ice in fifteen days. There the pilgrims may obtain sufficient provisions to last them until they reach other points or even St. Michael's Island.

"The bulk of the food and supplies at Dawson City are now in the hands of the miners themselves. These men are the actual consumers and there is no question as to their ability to retain the supplies which they have laid in, as law and order prevail and property rights are respected. Of the seven full steamboat



GROUP OF PROSPECTIVE MINERS HEADED TOWARD DAWSON CITY.

at the mouth of the Yukon, are supplies for at least 7,000 men, while the population is only 800. Rampart City, 700 miles from Dawson, can feed 500 men.

"It may be argued that the supplies located at St. Michael's Island, 2,000 miles from the Klondike, might as well be in Seattle or Chicago so far as the relief of the miners on the Upper Yukon is concerned. This conclusion, however, is entirely unwarranted, as the people at Dawson City received word by September 15th that no more supplies could be brought in by boat and that those who were not provided with food for the winter's siege must come down the river

loads of goods stored at Fort Yukon, ninety-five per cent are provisions. As Captain Ray of the United States Army as well as E. E. Weare, president of our own company, are stationed at Fort Yukon, I have no doubt that there will be a wise and judicious distribution of the supplies at this strategic point, and that all new comers will be given good counsel as to the best methods by which to make the most of their supplies and protect themselves against the severity of the climate.

"It is at Skaguay and Dyea that the most suffering may be expected. At these points and along the trail are about 4,000

people in winter quarters, but as to the amount of provisions upon which they must subsist until spring I am uninformed. It is not to be presumed that any of these



CLARENCE BERRY.
The Bonanza Creek millionaire.

unfortunate wayfarers will be foolhardy enough to undertake the trip over Chilkoot Pass or White Pass before March. This is something which can be done with safety only by the men who have been many times over these trails in winter, are experienced in avoiding the dangers and withstanding the hardships of such an ordeal, and are absolutely familiar with every foot of the way.

"The food supplies now in the Yukon country are of the heartiest kind and consist mainly of flour, bacon, rice, beans, oatmeal, tea, coffee, evaporated potatoes, canned meats of every description and canned vegetables and butter. These, of course, have been put up in packages of a portable nature, especially adapted to the crude transportation facilities of the Alaskan interior.

"In a recent conversation, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, for many years superintendent of education in Alaska and now holding that position, made to me the statement, based on his own personal observation, that Pacific Coast points have now 200,-

000 people prepared and waiting to leave their ports in the spring for the Klondike gold fields; and I may add that Juneau reports not fewer than 100,000 people as going from there. The rush will certainly exceed anything that has ever been heard or dreamed of, as there is scarcely a hamlet in the entire country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that will not send its representatives into the new El Dorado. Thousands of persons who were unprepared to make the venture before it was too late to get up the river or over the Chilkoot Pass have been husbanding their resources and will be on hand at the coast ready for the first boats of next season.

"The character of the population in the gold regions in the far Northwest has undergone a complete transformation during the past season. Up to the time



MRS. CLARENCE BERRY IN HER
WINTER COSTUME.

when the first authentic news of the rich strikes reached the States the inhabitants of the settlements and camps along the Yukon were principally traders, trappers

and experienced prospectors and miners, having served many years of apprenticeship in the diggings of California, Nevada, Colorado, Montana and other mining states. Now this is all changed and the population is composed of 'all sorts and conditions of men' from the fugitive criminal to the ex-preacher of the gospel. It would be difficult to find on the face of the earth a region inhabited by a more widely diversified conglomeration of human beings. While it cannot be said that the oldtime miner is lonesome and out of his element in the Klondike, it is certain

their lives in prospecting for and digging precious metals.

"Only those families—and there are thousands of them in the States—who have a father, brother, relative or near friend in the frozen regions of Alaska can realize the interest which attaches to the question of winter mail facilities between the Klondike and the Coast. For the consolation of these anxious watchers it should be said that the Canadian and United States Governments have joined forces to give every possible means of communication that can be



CLARENCE BERRY'S CLAIM ON BONANZA CREEK AS IT LOOKED WHEN LOCATED.

that he must feel himself in the land of the tenderfoot and surrounded by environments for which his previous experience in camp life has not prepared him.

"Mining in the Klondike is unquestionably unique and presents phases which are not to be found in the camps of any other portion of the world. Perhaps the most puzzling of these extraordinary features is the marvelous good fortune which has attended the courageous efforts of the tenderfoot. The fortunes taken out by men of no experience has been perplexing and possibly a little aggravating to the old miners who have spent

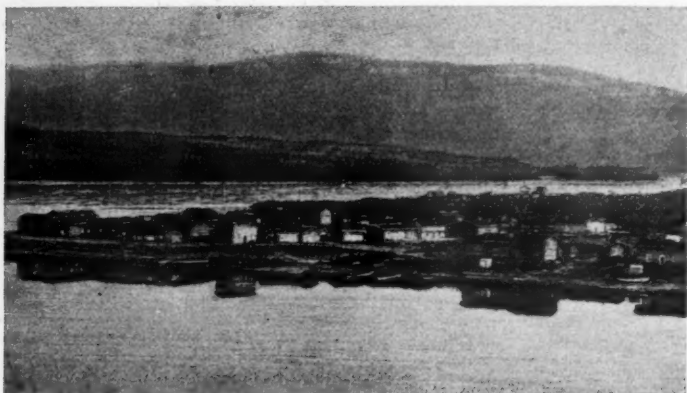
afforded. According to the present plans there will be a fortnightly exchange of mail between Circle City and Juneau. This will be accomplished by means of dog teams using the Chilkoot Pass route. About seventy or eighty days are required to make the round trip between these points. The mail carrier who has braved the winter terrors of Chilkoot Pass, and has brought his burden of 'letters from home' across 900 miles of the wildest and coldest country out of doors, is the most welcome being that could appear to the ice-locked inhabitants of the Yukon country. An angel from

Heaven would meet with a cold reception compared with that which always awaits the incoming mail carriers. The eagerness of the miners to get hold of a letter or even a newspaper from 'the States' is something tremendous and pathetic beyond our powers of appreciation.

"The question of good government in the cities of the Yukon need give no anxiety to those who are contemplating a residence there or to such as have friends or relatives in that region. Law is there enforced with a simple rigor and straightforwardness which might well teach older and more civilized communities a sound

civil and criminal cases of every kind, to perform marriage ceremonies and to probate estates. He may try a man for murder or fine an offender for the most petty and trivial disturbance of the peace.

"Inside the American lines may be found the same centralization of authority, although perhaps not in an equal degree. The United States government has a military reservation on St. Michael's Island, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Randall and garrisoned with thirty-three men. While the reservation proper takes in all territory 100 miles from the flag staff, the commanding officer is, to all practical purposes, the



FORTY MILE.

lesson. The Canadian territory is under the authority of Charles H. McIntosh, Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territory. He is stationed at Regina, but is ably represented at Dawson City by Captain Constantine of the Canadian Mounted Police, and by Stipendiary Magistrate Walsh, formerly Colonel in command of Fort Walsh in the Saskatchewan country. To these two dignitaries are delegated extraordinary powers which are exercised with great firmness and with becoming conservativeness. The Stipendiary Magistrate practically represents in his own person the whole judiciary system of his government and has power to try

military governor. The system of government enforced on both sides of the line in the Yukon gold country is very satisfactory because very simple and concrete. Then, public sentiment there upholds law and order and the inhabitants are fully aware that there is no middle ground between good order and a state of chaos in which neither life nor property would be safe.

"As to the manner in which the miners employ their time during the long Arctic winter, it may be said that all of them who have secured claims of their own or have hired out to others will be steadily at work tunneling down under the frozen



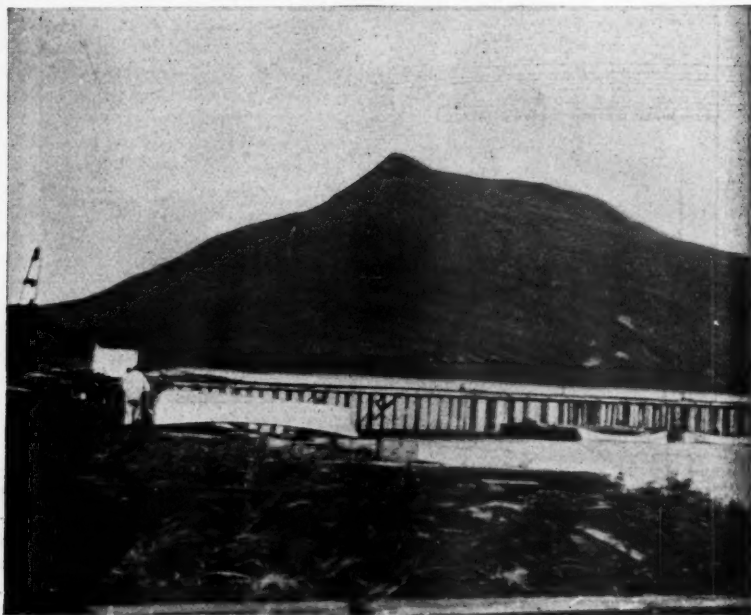
GROUP OF ALASKAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

soil and hoisting up the pay dirt which will be washed in the spring. Not a few of the newcomers will undoubtedly secure employment as wood-cutters and in various other capacities in which they command wages sufficient to pay for their living.

"The problem of freighting goods from the supply depots to the cabins and camps where the mining is being carried on is a very serious one. In summer it is almost impossible to haul goods over the trails, owing to the fact that the slushy condition of the soil renders the passage of any kind of vehicle almost out of the question. Consequently the goods carried in summer must be packed on the backs of men and this is a very expensive operation, costing at least one dollar a pound for a distance of twenty to thirty miles. In winter this work is done principally by dog teams—but sometimes with horses, and is much less expensive. Frequently the cost does not exceed ten cents a pound. But I am convinced that in the recent order of the United States government, providing for the immediate removal of the entire herd of government reindeer from the station on the coast to the upper Yukon, is to be found the solution of this great difficulty. A good reindeer team can easily haul six hundred pounds. This is a great gain over

dog transportation for the reason that a dog team must always be burdened with its own food supply while the reindeer digs away the snow and secures his subsistence from the moss and lichens which abound in all parts of that country. The government herd contains at least 300 serviceable and trained animals ready for active work, and I am convinced that this winter will prove the reindeer to be the coming means of transportation between the supply depots and the camps of prospectors and miners. It seems almost providential that the government should have been led, some years ago, to establish this herd for the benefit of the Alaskan Indians, who can now earn big wages as freighters and at the same time prevent much suffering on the part of isolated miners by reason of affording a sure and swift means of transporting supplies.

"The newspapers for many months have been so full of reports, apparently authentic, regarding rich strikes that one is bewildered in attempting to keep track of them. So far as my own personal knowledge goes, the find of Captain George F. Ellis is perhaps the most notable in that region. About two weeks ago I received a letter from him stating that he had eighteen men at work, and they were taking out \$10,000 a



A UNALASKA VIEW.

day, and that he would get out not less than \$250,000 before winter."

Mr. Frank Cryder, an old miner who has spent the last five years in Alaska, and who will return to his claim near Dawson City in the spring, is firm in the belief that the close of next summer will record the washing out of \$25,000,000 in dust and nuggets from the Yukon soil. He bases his estimate on the supposition that many more than a thousand men will mine during the winter. He has no fear that there will be any actual starvation in the Klondike country, but admits that many men will probably be obliged to go through the winter on short rations. Mr. Cryder has been over the Chilkoot Pass several times, and is thoroughly familiar with the hardships which this journey implies.

"I regard it as perfectly safe," said this old prospector, "for men who know the trail and its dangers and are hardened to the severity of the climate, to

undertake the trip over the pass during the winter; but it is absolute folly for any but experienced men to do this. Oldtimers on the trail may start now from Dyce and get into Dawson City by Christmas.* Of course those who undertake this journey must carry ample provisions, and this can be done by a team of three dogs.

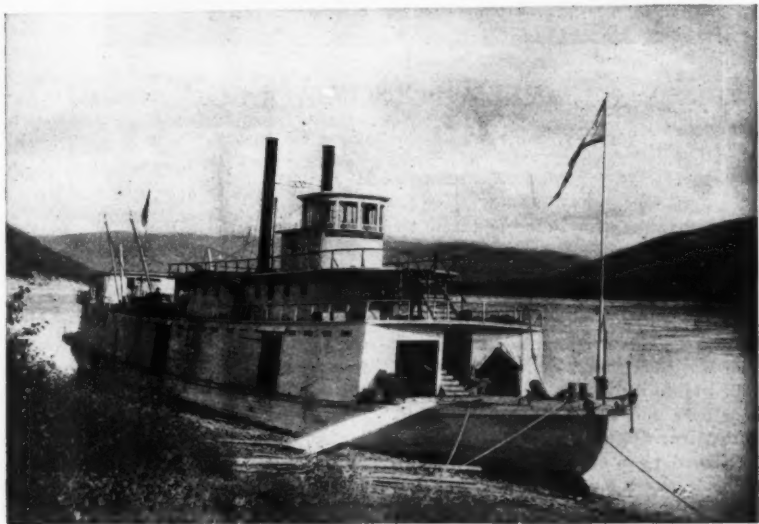
Mr. Cryder further said: "The residents of the Yukon cities and camps are rejoiced over the extra mail facilities which have been provided for this winter. Last year the contract allowed \$500 a trip from Juneau to Circle City. As each mail team must be accompanied by two men it will be easily seen that there was no money in the contract. The trip takes thirty to forty days each way and a new contract has been made providing \$1,700 for each round trip. As the quantity of mail has greatly increased it will

*This statement was made to Mr. Crissey early in November. [ED.]

be necessary for four outfits of eight men each to be constantly on the trail, two outfits traveling together. This will give a fortnightly exchange of mail between Juneau and Circle City. It is not, however, in the pay received from the government that the men holding the mail contract will make their money. Newspapers from the States find a ready sale in the Yukon country at one dollar to five dollars each, and it is from this traffic that the carriers will derive their principal profit. To a resident of the States it will probably seem that \$1,700 is a good round price for the labor of four men and a dozen dogs for a period of seventy to eighty days. It must be remembered, however, that the winter price of dog meat is frequently \$1.50 a pound, flour \$54 a sack, and other provisions in pro-

portion. Then, the men should receive a premium for braving the terrific hardships of the trail during the winter."

Mr. Cryder is also of the opinion that the introduction of the government reindeer will be of great service to the miners who are located at some distance from the supply depots. It is, however, as an article of food rather than a means of transportation that he expects the greatest benefit from the reindeer. As the number of caribou and moose killed in Alaska is each year diminishing and it is a question of only a short time when the supply will be practically cut off, the reindeer must soon be depended upon to furnish the only fresh meat available to the inhabitants. Fortunately the reindeer multiply rapidly, and are consequently very desirable from this point of view.



THE P. B. WEARE.

The pioneer steamer of the North American Transportation and Trading Company.



AMELIA FOLSOM YOUNG.

YOUNGEST AND FAVORITE WIFE OF THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BY JULIETTE M. BABBITT.

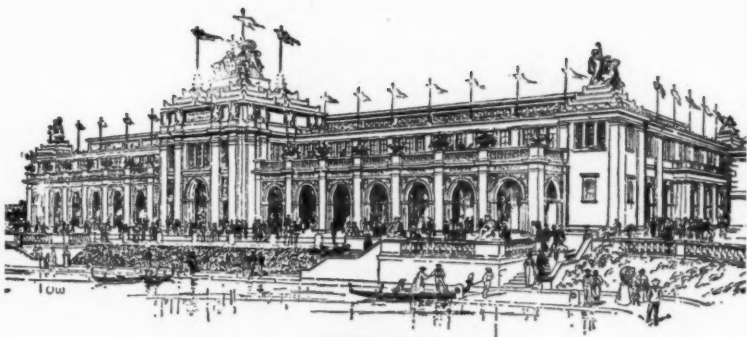
AMONG the many hundreds from all over the country who spent the week of President McKinley's inauguration in Washington was Mrs. Amelia Folsom Young, youngest and favorite wife of the late Brigham Young, head of the Mormon Church in Utah. She is tall, well-formed, with fine complexion, blue eyes and fair hair lightly touched with silver. She has traveled much, is well read, talks entertainingly on many subjects, and is much interested in woman's advancement. She has excellent taste in dress, is very popular with Gentiles as well as Mormons, and entertains pleasantly in her elegant home in Salt Lake City.

As a girl in Council Bluffs, Iowa,—from which place her father removed with his family to Utah, in 1860, when Amelia was about twenty,—she was a great belle and considered one of the

handsomest girls in the society of that city. She had many admirers, and several of them followed her across sandy plain and rugged mountain pass, but all in vain.

President Young, driving out to meet the approaching train of "Saints," fell in love with her at first sight, and she was too faithful a daughter of the Mormon Church not to feel flattered and highly honored when he offered her the fraction of his hand.

Whether she would have been happier as the only spouse of one of her less prominent lovers, who can say! She certainly shows no signs of hidden sorrow. She and the other widows of President Young are firm friends. She has no children, but is devoted to the children and grandchildren of the others. She is often spoken of as a cousin of Mrs. Cleveland, but there is no traceable relationship between the two.



ADMINISTRATION.

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION ARCHITECTURE.*

INTEREST in the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, to be held at Omaha from June to November, 1898, appears to be increasing fast. The return of good times has given the impetus which was needed to make the enterprise a success. Thousands of Middle-Westerners who a year ago were indifferent to it are now talking about it and planning for it.

The buildings in which the many and various exhibits are to be made give promise of an architectural exhibit which of itself will be a profitable study and a positive gratification.

The drawing of the Administration Arch, here pictured, shows a beautiful

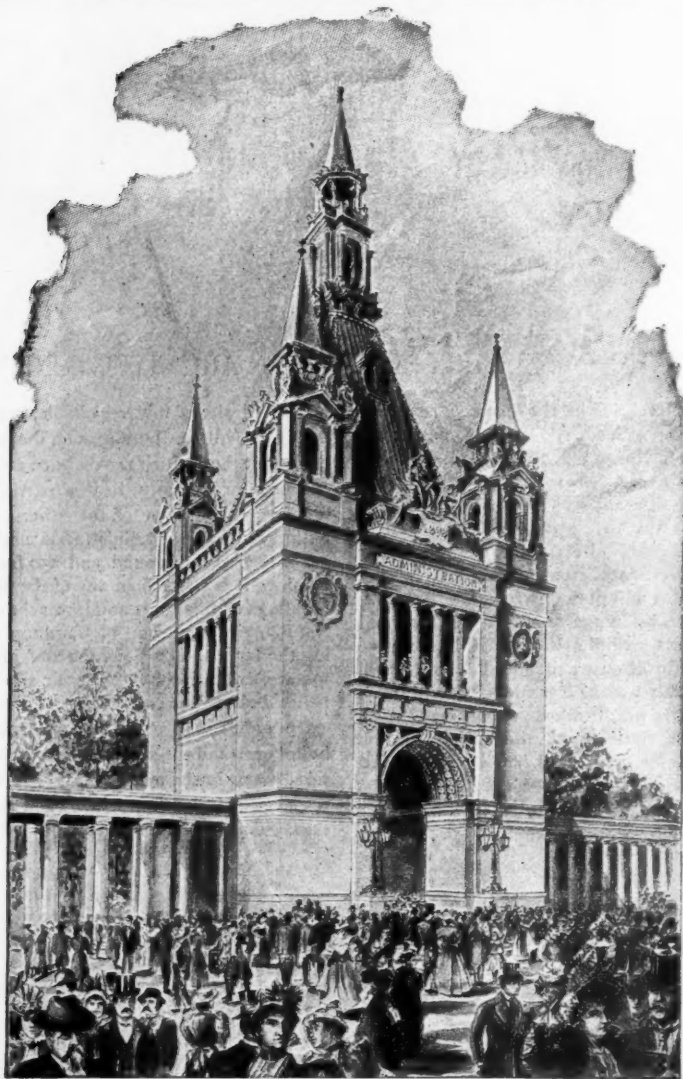
*Prepared from the extended descriptions given of the buildings, and contributed as a free-will offering to the success of a great Middle-Western enterprise.—[Ed.]

building designed in "free classic," which dominates all the buildings on the main court, but the French renaissance stands out more prominently in this particular building than in any of the other main buildings. The Administration arch is 50x50 feet on the ground and 150 feet in height. It is taller than any of the other buildings on this court and forms the central figure in the group of buildings facing the lagoon. To heighten the architectural effect, statuary of heroic size will be used above the cornice.

On either side of the Administration building stand "Mines" and "Agriculture," twins in size and general form, and the largest of the Exposition's main buildings. The architecture of Agriculture is



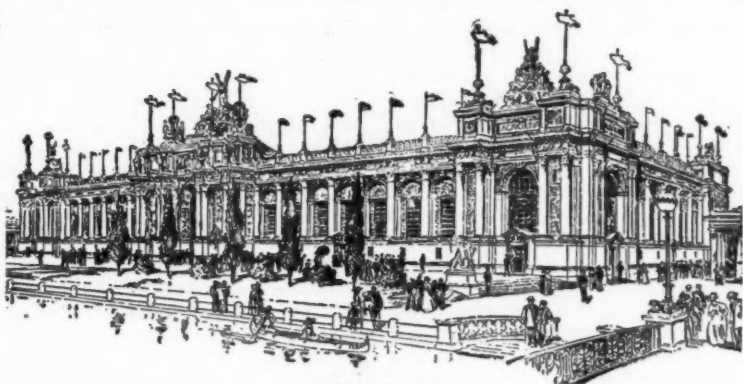
MINES AND MINING.



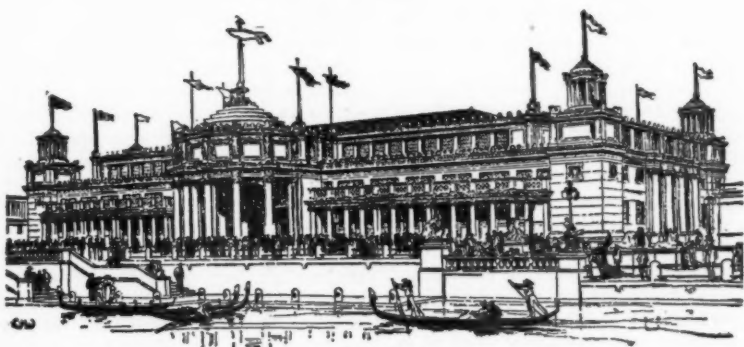
ADMINISTRATION ARCH.

free renaissance, with details conventional in proportion and arrangement but natural in subject. There will be capitals of corn and wheat, festoons and cornu-

copias of vegetables, fruits and flowers. The strutting turkey-cock with spreading tail ornaments is one of the most important friezes. The yellow of corn, purple



AGRICULTURE.



MANUFACTURES.



FINE ARTS.

of grapes, red of apples, and green of foliage will predominate. The central niche will blaze with color. For the design of this building the Exposition is indebted to Cass Gilbert, architect, St. Paul.

The Mines and Mining building is a handsome building, designed along rigid classic lines of the Doric order, modified to comport with nineteenth century requirements. The result is a building of simple dignity having an air of repose. With the exception of a few trophies, the entire interior decoration will be confined to classic ornaments. On the walls it is here proposed to have mural paintings emblematic of mining, placer working, packing of ores by "Rocky Mountain Canaries," and other mining scenes. This building is in the creation of John J. Humphreys, of Denver.

The Machinery and Electricity building is located in the northeast corner of the grand court, east of the Mines building and across the lagoon from the Manufactures building. The ornamental spandrels and panels receive their *motifs* and suggestions from machinery. The cresting at the top is composed of cog-wheels, this principle being carried out in all of the decorations. The underlying principle and function of machinery is symbolized by the groups of statuary on the top of the building. Color enters into the design. The ornaments in the panels will be emphasized by strong colors. The entire building will be a series of yellow and ivory tones, growing more intense as they reach the top, culminating in the dull golden statuary full of primitive vigor which surmounts the building and symbolizes its use. The building was designed by Dwight H. Perkins, Chicago.

The Greek Ionic style of architecture characterizes the Manufactures building. The dome is supported on a circular row of fluted Ionic columns. Flanking the dome are Ionic colonnades which form covered ways along the entire facade, stopping at the corner towers. The inner dome is richly designed with ribs and

panels and is to be decorated in colors, while the outer is formed by a series of steps rising in the form of a cone to the apex, which is crowned by a richly decorated base for a flag staff. The outer row of dome columns is detached and the entablature is broken around them at the base of the dome, and over each column is a statue and pedestal, having as a background the stylobate of the dome. This treatment is very monumental in effect, and while in good taste and harmonious with the architectural style, it is at the same time original and interesting. Over the doorway leading from this vestibule into the building are three large panels between the pilasters to receive paintings which will be emblematical of the character of the exhibits. The building was designed by S. S. Beman, of Chicago.

Facing the plaza inside the main entrance, is the Fine Arts building. It consists of two separate symmetrical, domed buildings connected by a peristylum or open court surrounded by colonnades.

The building rests on a balustraded terrace and is approached from the plaza by flights of steps and also from the avenue bordering the canal between it and the building. One enters through the portico and vestibule to the dome, central for each building and lighted from the top, forming a suitable place for the effective exhibition of statuary. Surrounding this central feature are the galleries, all lighted by sky lights, and so arranged as to afford the greatest degree of wall surface for the display of pictures. In the exterior design a somewhat free rendering of class *motif* has been adopted. The basis of the design is the Corinthian order. The walls behind the columns of the porticos will receive a decorative color treatment, forcing into greater prominence their classic outlines. In this beautiful building is attempted the assertion of architecture's proper place among the other arts as being the resultant combination of them all. It was designed by Eames & Young, architects, St. Louis.

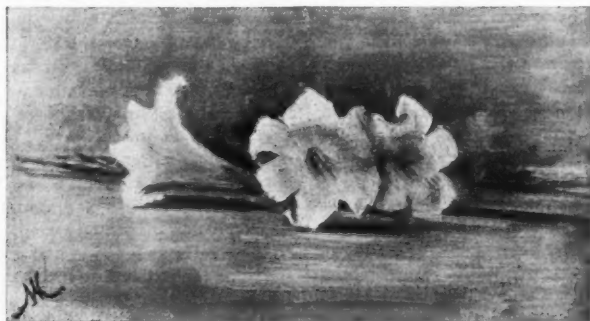
LINES SENT WITH AN EASTER LILY.*

*N*O THOUGHT of sin can in its presence live,
Nor harbored be a single base desire;
Immaculate, unsullied, true
It is,—the lily that to-day I give
In pledge of that rare love that you require
Of me, and I demand of you.

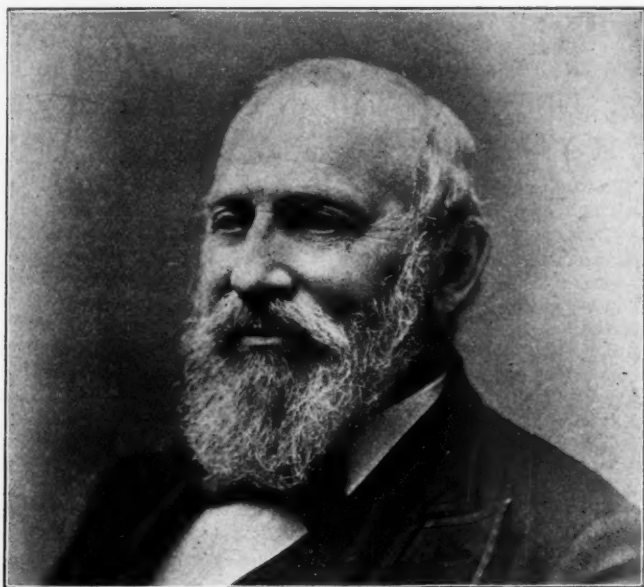
*I think no rude, polluting hand would dare
To desecrate the peace of one so wrapped
In purity. Such virtue is
A guard to self. Sweetheart, I would not care
To liken you to roses, crimson capped—
Only to lilies, pure as this.*

*Guarded by Love and me, it daily grew;
With deepest joy I found its bud of white,
Within my heart a thought of you.
This morn when bud to blossom turned, I knew
That God my prayers had heard aright
And that our love would blossom, too.*

Elizabeth D. Preston.



*Awarded the prize for the Best Original Poem in THE MIDLAND'S Competition of October 1, 1897.



WILLIAM T. ADAMS ("OLIVER OPTIC").

BY ALLAN ERIC.*

BEFORE me, as I write, the kindly, benevolent face of my friend, "Oliver Optic," looks down from the wall. Beneath it is a well-filled case containing the hundred or more volumes produced during his long, industrious life. My mind goes back to a certain day, but a few short months ago, when I bade him *bon voyage* as he sailed away for Jamaica for a brief absence. Little did I think that in a few weeks thereafter I would sadly follow him to the grave.

He returned from Jamaica, but the sudden change from a tropical climate to the severe winter weather of Massachusetts affected him unfavorably, and gradually he sank to rest.

William T. Adams, the world-famed "Oliver Optic," whose fascinating juvenile stories made his name a household word for many years, was born in Med-

way, Mass., July 30, 1822. He died in Boston, March 27, 1897. He was a most indefatigable worker, even to the last. For more than thirty years he lived and worked at his home in Boston except when taking trips abroad or through his own country.

He was first among the world's writers of stories for children. In fact he was the pioneer writer of juvenile fiction. As "Oliver Optic" he was known to nearly every child in this country. He was a most prolific writer. At the age of seventy-three he had written one hundred and twenty-six books, and more than one thousand newspaper and magazine stories. His books for boys and girls are of the characteristic American type. He began writing as far back as 1848. His stories are not of the mawkish, sentimental sort, and they are not fairy stories, lacking force; but they are for the manly and womanly youth of a strong nation.

*Author of "Jamaica, the Land of Romance," in the February MIDLAND MONTHLY.

Mr. Adams, as a boy, was full of healthy spirits and abounding energy. As a teacher in a Boston school he had the opportunity of broadly studying the tastes of young America. For strong, vigorous young America he wrote, from his love and experience. He was remarkably successful in obtaining, from the first, the attention of his readers, and for more than fifty years he enjoyed the distinction of being the most popular writer of juvenile stories.

There are millions of adults to-day, men and women of affairs, who remember the pleasant hours spent in their youth in reading his wonderful tales of adventure—tales sensational in their action but ennobling in their purpose.

His first book was called "Hatchie, the Guardian Slave," and was written under the *nom de plume* of Warren T. Ashton. For this book he received \$37.50, and it was the first money earned with his pen. He was pleased to receive the money, but more pleased to see his pen name on the title page of a successful volume of which the critics spoke kindly. His next book was "The Boat Club," and it met with a ready sale. The name "Oliver Optic" was adopted in 1851. It was taken from a character called "Dr. Optic" in a play then running at the Boston Museum; and he selected the prefix Oliver because of the alliterative combination.

The success of his writings may be traced to the fact that he took "live" young people as the source of his inspirations, and healthy, vigorous adventure as the foundation of his stories. He possessed a simple, direct style which gave rapid action to his stories, avoiding tedious descriptions and "preachy" moralizing, although all of his books have a moral and a purpose. He wrote to catch and hold the attention of the young, and skillfully made use of bold and exciting incidents; but, to quote his own words, he never made a hero whose moral character or whose lack of high aims could mislead the young reader.

When a young man he for a time

assisted his father, who was a Boston hotel keeper; but his taste for literature rendered that vocation uncongenial. His long literary life which followed was singularly free from the petty disappointments that too often discourage men who choose literature as a profession.

About the year 1845, he wrote two temperance stories which were published in *The Washingtonian*, and from this time until he produced "Hatchie," he wrote for a publication called *The True Flag* a great number of stories, for which he received one dollar per column, all under assumed names. These stories numbered more than eight hundred. This work he varied by writing poetry, hymns and odes.

In 1856, Mr. Adams published "Now or Never"; in 1857, "Try Again"; in 1858, "Poor and Proud"; in 1860, "Little by Little." In the same year he wrote his series of "Riverdale Books" for young readers, twelve volumes, which met with popular favor.

Nearly two million volumes of his books have been sold. From 1858 to 1866 Mr. Adams edited *Student and Schoolmate*, and from 1867 to 1876, the popular monthly, *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, which long since suspended. The "All Over the World" series gave the most thrilling incidents of travel, and his "Blue and the Gray" series dealt with army and navy incidents.

He was a persistent traveler, and a most observant one. He made a tour through the West Indies, starting at Bermuda and going to Nassau, St. Thomas and others of the Windward Islands, and back to Kingston, Jamaica. He traveled extensively in Cuba and visited every country in Europe. His trips abroad were fertile sources of information for his fascinating stories which he afterwards wrote in his cozy home in Dorchester, Mass. Hard work never seemed to weary him. His work-room adjoined his library, and he was very orderly regarding his books and manuscripts. He was fond of his typewriter, and had used one since the machines

first came into use. This he was led to do because of writers' cramp, which hampered him greatly. He wore out several machines by his persistent use of them.

Mr. Adams was of about medium height, well-proportioned and active. He had a fair-sized, symmetrical head, with a countenance expressive of more than ordinary intellectual ability. His features were bold and prominent, while not at all detracting from the handsome contour. The prevailing expression of his face was serious and reflective; but his disposition was rather cheerful and buoyant than otherwise. He was one of the self-made literary men of the country.

Mr. Adams married early in life and his wife died many years ago. But one near relative survives him—his daughter,

Mrs. Russell, of Minneapolis, wife of the eminent comedian, Sol Smith Russell. Another daughter died several years ago.

Mr. Adams resided in Dorchester, a district of Boston, in a large frame house which was built in 1858—from his own plans—to which a front addition was recently made. His home is a very attractive place. The house stands back from the street, and is surrounded by a lawn, with an orchard in the rear. The tower of the house commands a fine view of Dorchester Bay and its islands, and of the Blue Hills of Milton. From the piazza, at the head of the smooth gravel walk, visitors were ushered into the sunny library, which is lined with book-cases, filled with interesting and useful volumes.



RETIRED FARMERS IN THE MIDDLE-WEST.

BY C. L. GABRILSEN.

THE tendency of our midland farmers who have reached the period in life when there is a natural wish to retire from an active control and management of their business is to move into the town with which they have been most closely identified in the past. Whether this is or is not for the best interests of all concerned is a problem that is difficult to solve. Let us inquire into some of the reasons for a desire to leave the farm.

There is not that loyalty to locality and pride of home in the Middle-West which characterizes older communities of our country or the Old World. It is no uncommon thing in New England to find the grandson or great-grandson tilling the family acres; his aged parents occupying honored places beside the familiar fireside. In Virginia I found members of an old family who were sixth in descent from the original settlers of the

land they still occupy. While in an old colonial church, standing near Aquia Creek, a strategic point during the Civil War, the services were recently conducted by a clergyman who was also sixth in descent and bearing the baptismal name of the first rector of that old church.

Towns and villages are not nearly so frequently seen in the Old Dominion as in the northern and middle states. One reason is that the old homestead is regarded with a feeling of pride which is well nigh incomprehensible to the average Westerner whose place is generally for sale—if a big enough price is offered. Could one of those old Virginia estates be purchased until dire necessity compelled its owner to place it on the market? Imagine some one asking General Washington to set a price on his Mt. Vernon home! Another reason is (or was) that, here the landed

proprietor represented the highest class of society; while the tradesman was looked upon as his social inferior.

The strongest reason, perhaps, for midland farmers going away from the scenes of their former labors is the fact that steady, reliable help is not easily procured. Other lines of work offer inducements which attract young men to the cities and towns where there is more excitement than rural life affords. The young man that is desirable as a farm helper; who is present for duty every day according to agreement; who is so quiet and well-behaved as to be acceptable as a member of one's family, practically—for the evolution of farm life has not generally reached the point where a farmer's home is exempt from being a sort of boarding house—is rarely seen. A man having these qualifications is ambitious, and if a farmer is fortunate enough to have such an one in his employ, he lives in dread of learning at the end of the year that the man, who has become a necessity to his employer, is about to be married and will buy a farm for himself and the girl of his choice.

A young man who has been employed on my farm for five years has saved money enough out of his yearly wages during this time to give him a start in buying a farm, and if the woman he marries proves the helpmate she ought to be, a successful future awaits them.

In the older communities, like New England, a class of contented farm employes may be observed. On one farm I recently found a man who had been employed there for thirteen years. This man is married and his family live in the village near by, and he has from Saturday night till Sunday night to be with them. From his wages and what little his family may earn, they have paid for a home, and have money in the savings bank besides. He has no desire to go west.

On the average midland farm its proprietor must be the leader in all work, and when the time comes that he cannot say: "Come on boys!" the chances are

not favorable for success. On a large farm there are enough things to be looked after and kept in order that the proprietor may keep himself employed much of the time without doing regular farm work. Workmen will do their duty with more faithfulness and enthusiasm when their work is favorably commented upon, and when the proprietor can take hold and show just how some detail may be done in a better manner, both emulation and respect have been aroused. To illustrate the influence of a master spirit in cases like this, the following story, related to me by a nephew of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is offered:

Before the war there lived in the adjoining county a man by the name of Carter; "King Carter" they called him, because he had an extensive plantation and a great number of slaves. He was getting old and things were running at loose ends everywhere. The management was offered to a son who had come home from school. The young man hesitated about assuming the responsibility and told his father that he would look around and think the matter over before deciding.

He found the place littered with old broken-down tools and rubbish generally. There were old mules, old horses and old cattle that had been rejected for use, but still demanding food and attention. At the quarters the darkies of all ages were loafing and shirking duty in the fields under all sorts of excuses. In the corn fields the crops were suffering from want of cultivation, and everywhere a thriftless look presented itself to the young man's view. The case was discouraging, but he agreed to try and see what could be done. He ordered the overseer to gather the useless tools and rubbish into a general pile, and when this had been done it was set on fire, burned and the ashes scattered in the fields. Next, he ordered the worthless old mules, horses and cattle corralled near the orchard. One by one they were led into the orchard, where each one was shot and buried under the trees. While all this was going

on a light broke over the darkies at the quarters and, thinking that it would be their turn next to be sorted over, shot and buried, there was such a turning out of field hands the next morning that the overseer was unable to set them all to work.

On the farm, it is not out-of-doors alone that a lack of help tends to discouragement. It is not impossible to find homes where the children have grown to manhood and womanhood, and one after another have departed from the parent nest, to establish homes of their own, perhaps. The average of farmers' wives are less able to resist the encroachments of age and ill health than their husbands, because their work is done in a less wholesome atmosphere. The man goes out into the bracing morning air, drinking in strength and vigor; while his wife endures the close air of a kitchen with its odor of cooking food, worried, it may be, by an uneasy child, so that when the meal is on the table her appetite is gone. This goes on for years, wealth is accumulated, but her strength is often laid upon the altar of prosperity.

The transition from a busy farm life to the comparatively inactive existence in a town home is so great that many who undertake the change find themselves unable to endure it. Then, too, life on a farm tends to educate one in a school of economy that townspeople do not generally recognize. And the feeling which governs those in that situation tends to alienate them from the society of those who, as a rule, spend with a free hand. There is usually an indefinable distinction between townspeople and country-folks which is the outgrowth of the environment of each class; and this often becomes a barrier to social recognition. The only way the retired farmer can overcome this is by a determination to become a citizen and assume whatever responsibilities active citizenship may impose.

The good wife has a much better prospect for a contented life in town than the husband. She has her household affairs

to attend to as usual, only in a less degree, while social duties and philanthropic work are open avenues for her unoccupied time.

For the man, on the other hand, but few such sources of occupation exist. The flower and vegetable garden and grass plot afford the best means for him to divert his mind and exercise his muscles. But there is also abundant opportunity for reading and meditation, which the progressive have found to be the link that connects him with the outside world, and satisfies in part his longing for the society of his fellow men.

Yet, with all the actual advantages of town life it is doubtful whether it is wise for farmers in their old age to leave the place where the best part of their lives has been spent.

The greatest menace to our republic is the growth of urban population; where the individual has none of the ties of proprietorship in the soil to interest him in good government. A community where families live in their own homes is a moral and law-abiding community, and the element of discordant lawlessness in such localities will always be found among the class that have no settled occupation or abiding place. The indications are that the town will soon outran the country in population, and it is a matter for congratulation whenever one resists the temptation to leave the farm. That love of rural life is part of our inner selves is shown by the desire of all who have tasted of the honors which the world has bestowed on its favored sons and daughters in every age and clime, finally, to retire to a place of green fields and leafy forests, where they may spend their closing days near to nature's heart, and at last find repose on her ample bosom.

I see through the mists of the future a vision of the old homestead, with a new cottage distinctly in view. It occupies an inviting and sheltered spot. Flowers are growing in profusion on the small but well kept grass plot; climbing roses adorn the porch, while trailing plants

give the sunny side of the house a refreshing appearance.

Within, we find a pleasing arrangement of household affairs. The furniture has been selected for comfort rather than elegance, although beauty and harmony have not been overlooked. Through the sitting room door one looks into a tidy kitchen; and beyond, through another door, may be seen tiers of stovewood in systematic order, while in the kitchen itself are evidences of studied plans for economy of steps on the part of a sweet-faced, earnest looking woman who is busy there. She moves about in a quiet, dignified way, and observing eyes discover that she has gleams of silver in her hair. The kettle is singing as she lays a snowy cloth on the table and brings out the tea service with dishes for three. We cease wondering who are to partake of the meal after seeing what is going on outside.

On the shady porch sits a man past the prime of life. A little girl is running toward him over the well-worn path which leads "over to John's," and is shouting "gran'pa, gran'pa!" A look of satisfaction comes into the worn face as the bright, happy child claims his attention.

Soon there comes a call from within, and these two, the little one leading the other by the hand, enter the house.

"I'm coming to eat with you, gran'ma!"

"Of course, don't you see I've set the table for Bright-eyes?"

After a while the three come out and seat themselves on the porch. The sun is sinking in the west. The tall cottonwood trees are casting shadows whose limit cannot be defined, while the evening breeze has set their leaves into a ceaseless quiver, and a thrush is singing on the topmost branch, warbling his round, rich notes at the magnified disc of light. The sheep have left their resting places and now are scattered over yonder hillside, nervously nipping the dew-moistened grass; the tinkling of their various toned bells strikes the evening air clear and distinct, like far away chimes.

Over the ridge sounds the clang of a louder bell, and lowing cattle announce the procession that is marching toward the barnyard.

A woman is in the path coming from the other house, and the herd of cows stop to gaze at the form which is transfigured to them by the slanting rays of sunlight, as she crosses the road ahead of them.

This matronly, energetic person enters the gate, and one reads in her steadfast eyes friendship and good will, as she approaches where the three are seated, while the little one calls out:

"Mamma, gran'ma gave me two pieces of cake!"

"That's just like gran'ma! did you save a piece for me?"

"No, I forgot."

"Mother," says the visitor, who is no other than John's wife, "to-morrow we are going to wash, so pick up your things in the morning and father'll bring them over."

Mother objects, but is secretly glad, for John's wife has won the hearts of these two, just as she had gained the love of their son years ago.

The cows start again, and father goes and leans on the gate as they move along. The old bell cow comes up for a pat from the familiar hand, and soon a sturdy boy of ten follows with a shepherd dog at his heels, and salutes with a boyish "Hello, gran'pa!"

A load of harvested grain coming up the lane is a signal for the young woman to take the child and proceed to her own house. The loaded wagon comes up, and "John" stops to have a word with his mother, who has gone to the gate and stands beside her husband.

After the young man is gone with his team and load, the two return to the porch. The sun has disappeared in autumnal glory, and the rosy afterglow shines on their faces as they speak of by-gone days.

The twilight creeps over them while they linger, but before the shadows of night appear they retire, cheered with the hope of a bright, glad morning.

Women's Club Department.

BY HARRIET C. TOWNER.*

A MARKED improvement is noted in club year books for 1897-98. There are fewer miscellaneous programs and the number of subjects considered during the year is smaller, showing an evident desire to do really thorough work. During the formative years of most clubs more or less confusion reigns, each member having her own views as to the work to be undertaken. If it be a study club one desires to "travel," another prefers a diversified program which will be entertaining and involve little work; another thinks the greatest benefit will be derived from lectures by specialists; another wishes to study household economics, others literature and history or art, and when the schedule is finally arranged it is not surprising that there is a confusion of topics and interests. Large clubs surmount these difficulties by department work, each choosing the department in which she is most interested, all coming together in general meetings for the consideration of topics of general interest. But even then the department programs of study often include more than can be carried out with profit. That these conditions are noticeably improving proves the earnestness with which club women are endeavoring to put their work on a sound basis. For example, a club which in its first year studied French history, literature and art, together with social economics, last year considerably modified its program, and this year is confining itself to a study of Victor Hugo!

A circular sent out by the General Federation prepared by Mrs. Elizabeth T. King, of Baltimore, contains many valuable suggestions for club programs. Mrs. King says:

The preparation of a club program is far from being the simple matter of providing entertainment or instruction for members. Behind it lie

*Communications intended for THE MIDLAND'S Club Department should be addressed to Mrs. Harriet C. Towner direct; her address is Corning, Iowa.

all the problems connected with the popularization and diffusion of knowledge which are now engaging the attention of our most prominent educators, and therefore it is necessary to study the principles which underlie this great movement, if the corresponding tendency in women's clubs is to be placed on a sound philosophical basis. Almost every modern form of organization whether social settlements, churches, patriotic societies, Christian associations, etc., has its educational features; and no student of such development, as well as the more distinctly educational institutions like summer schools, university extension courses, reading circles, etc., can fail to realize that a people's university is growing out of the half-articulate needs of the nation, and that in this world-wide scheme women's clubs have their part, and should adapt their growth to conform with it.

Of department clubs she says:

Department meetings are among the most promising features of women's clubs. Upon their development depend the continuous mental life of their members, and the growth of a discriminating and enlightened spirit which will be felt throughout the club. Many clubs have arranged what might be called the group system. Under a few general sections (the fewer the better) any number of sub-sections may be added under an efficient head chairman, who, with her colleagues, can most successfully form the general program committee.

Concerning the programs for these sections, and of the study club proper, the circular contains many useful suggestions. Allusion is made to the fact that in very many clubs the chairman, or program committee is confronted by the member who is attracted by the reading of a paper, and the college woman who wants a post-graduate course; and both classes must be considered. For those who desire popular courses where comparatively little study is required, it is suggested that they be conducted on lines where practical experience and general information can be utilized, such as household economics, current topics, modern literature, etc. It is an advantage to many clubs to join some of the many excellent popular courses of reading and study issued by university extension centers and the C. L. S. C., thus saving the chairman much unnecessary toil, and the class benefits by the connection with a well organized scheme at very small expense while due allowance is made for individual development. Smaller classes for more advanced study will take care of themselves if encouraged to organize. To such the wise suggestion is made that the club put itself in touch with the leading educational institutions of the community in order to get every

possible stimulus from such a connection. It is suggested that clubs find out what courses of lectures are to be given in the city or town during the winter, and that lists of these which pertain to club interests be posted on the club bulletin board and distributed; that copies of catalogues of public libraries be procured that members may have at hand the literary resources of their city; that a table be kept for current reports, and pamphlets which relate to surrounding interests, or to topics under discussion, and that a stereopticon be owned by the club so that any subject may be at once illustrated.

Spending money freely in giving information, do not waste it in duplicating work which is better done elsewhere; connect yourself with movements for popularizing and diffusing knowledge in your own community.

By making available all collateral interests, and by utilizing outside educational advantages as far as possible, Mrs. King suggests that there will be time and strength left for the "ordinary club comfort and pleasures," and the promotion of some departments of local interest for the benefit of the community.

But the best gain of all through this cooperative policy is a much needed consciousness of the solidarity of the human race, a centralization within the club of the varied interests of the community, a development of local resources often ignored by members, and a connection with widespread national movements which will ultimately enrich and enlighten both individuals and clubs, and provide endless material for programs.

"Fancy a man's being fined for not going to his club!" said a recent writer. While the conditions governing a man's club and a woman's club are essentially different and a rule applicable to one not necessarily applicable to the other, still it would seem that the time has gone by, even in women's clubs, when fines are either necessary or desirable. It is the custom in many organizations, especially small study clubs, to impose a moderate fine for absence and another for non-performance of any assigned duty. She who holds membership in a club from a real desire to profit by its educational features will hardly require the stimulus of a fine either to enforce attendance or to compel her to do her share of the work of the club. The timid or indolent need little encouragement to shrink behind a fine as an adequate excuse for failure or non-attendance, thus materially lessening the benefit to be derived from the club, since club work is valuable to the individual in direct proportion to the effort made. The fine is seldom known in large clubs, where the work is usually on a basis which makes it impracticable,

and it is believed that it is no longer an advantage to any club, be it large or small. Women who wish to enjoy the club meetings without taking an active part, can easily be placed in the list of honorary or privileged members, paying, perhaps, larger dues than active members, and having no voice in the management; but she who desires to really profit by the club will do her full share of the work.

Club women of all sections were interested in the "Convocation" of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, held at Nashville, October 20, 21 and 22. The excellent results which followed the memorable meeting of the Federation Congress at Atlanta in 1895 in stimulating and interesting women of the South in federation will doubtless be intensified and broadened by this meeting; one of the seasons for holding the convocation being to awaken interest in those states in which women's clubs are not federated. Many states were represented at the Nashville meeting, either by the president of the State Federation or the State Chairman of Correspondence, together with many presidents of clubs belonging to the General Federation, who are ex-officio vice presidents. Public sessions were held Wednesday, Thursday and Friday mornings, and on Thursday evening. Council or board meetings were held each afternoon. The Council consists of the Board of Directors, the Presidents of State Federations, the Vice-Presidents of the General Federation, and State Chairmen of Correspondence.

The program, in charge of Mrs. Alice Ives Breed, Vice-President of the General Federation, was suggestive and attractive throughout. Speakers representing widely different sections brought a variety of thought, experience and opinion. An interesting feature was an address on parliamentary usage by Mrs. Urquhart Lee, of Chicago, with practical illustrations. Mrs. Lee is an accomplished parliamentarian and conducts a parliamentary drill with unrivalled tact and skill. From such a drill comes a stimulus to more strict adherence to parliamentary rule. There is a courtesy and dignity in an orderly and businesslike consideration of any matter, made possible by a knowledge of correct parliamentary procedure, which every organization should have, whether it be a woman's club, a man's club, an aid society, committee meeting or any form of organized effort.

One of the most interesting addresses was that by Mrs. P. F. Ottley of Atlanta

President of the Atlanta Women's Club, on "University Extension as Applied to Women's Clubs." The basis of her theme was that education is a part of common and universal life, not a luxury to be enjoyed by a few favored individuals, and that education may be diffused as widely as possible is sufficient justification for the existence of the women's club. Mrs. Ottley's paper is to be published in full for the benefit of those who did not hear it. The discussion which followed this paper brought out many valuable suggestions with regard to practical university extension methods. The development of the university extension plan in the United States has been almost coincident with the growth of the General Federation, and women's clubs everywhere have been greatly helped and stimulated thereby. University extension methods bring to the club exactly what it most needs, intelligent direction and a definite standard to be attained. Mrs. E. M. Souville of Jacksonville, Florida, a brilliant speaker and writer, as well as an astronomer of note, delivered an address on university extension from a scientific standpoint, which she called "The Story of a Diamond."

The growing interest in traveling libraries was remembered by the program committee, and a timely and valuable paper on the subject was presented by Mrs. C. B. Buchwalter of Springfield, Ohio. Mrs. Buchwalter gave the history of the traveling library movement since its inception in 1893, showing what has been accomplished in states where the system has been inaugurated, especially in New York and Ohio, New York being the pioneer in this matter as in university extension. A detailed account was given of the working of the system in Ohio. It is hoped that her able presentation of the subject will lead to increased interest in state traveling libraries, the good results being so obvious as to require little argument. Since the Iowa libraries began to "travel" last March, the State Librarian reports that ten public libraries have been started through their influence.

The program of the closing session of the convocation included a paper by Mrs. J. C. McClung of Knoxville, on "Club Methods and Government," and addresses by presidents of several state federations. Mrs. William B. Lowe, President of the Georgia Federation, spoke on "State Federation," calling attention especially to possibilities for the future, and to the helpful influence upon every branch of women's work exerted

by state and national organizations. She dwelt upon the fact, which is now everywhere recognized, that the principal object of federation is to forward the education of women in every direction. Mrs. J. Allen, President of the Missouri Federation, followed Mrs. Lowe with an address on the same subject, and Mrs. E. A. Jobes, of Spokane, Washington, director of the Washington Federation, and prominent in club work in that State, told of the earnest work of her Federation. Mrs. G. F. Van Vechten, President of the Iowa Federation, spoke of the work done by Iowa women; Mrs. W. B. Beard spoke for the Tennessee Federation, of which she is President, calling attention to the work for traveling libraries in Tennessee, four of which will be started in January. Mrs. Pillow, Vice-President of the Arkansas Federation, brought cordial greeting from Arkansas clubs; and other prominent women spoke briefly of club activities in their various localities, thus bringing together many varying currents of thought and endeavor, that those present might profit by the best in each, and the truest methods discovered for strengthening and developing the organization as a whole. Tribute was paid throughout the meeting to the inspiring influence of Mrs. Henrotin, whose assistance and advice in the various state federations is especially appreciated. This convocation was in some sense a prelude to the great gathering of club women to be held in Denver next summer when the General Federation holds its fourth biennial meeting.

The third meeting of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs was held at Jacksonville, October 20th, 21st and 22d. The leaders in the movement have had the wisdom to "steer clear of politics," and Mrs. Robert Hall Wiles, the very capable President of the Federation, in speaking of the work of the convention at its close, said:

The great thing in this convention has been the bringing of the conservative element to the front. The work of our women's clubs has at last become crystalized into what is the real work of women, that of culture, the education of children and philanthropic endeavors. The majority in the Federation is literary, and those who have fads or personal ends to serve will not have much voice in the deliberations. Standing committees have been appointed on literature, art and science, and the women of Illinois expect to do great good now that a plan of action has been marked out.

The subjects presented for consideration the first day of the convention were largely educational, as the Illinois Federation has from the first announced its interest in all phases of education from

the kindergarten to the university. Miss Frances Le Baron, of the Elgin Women's Club, spoke of "Educational Problems as seen through the Women's Clubs of Illinois;" Mrs. Anna L. Parker, of the Atlantis Club of Quincy, of "Ideals in Education;" Mrs. Mary C. Bourland, of Pontiac, spoke of the "Relation of Child Study to the Public Kindergarten," and Mrs. Gertrude Blackwelder, of the Chicago Women's Club, of "Education as a Moral Factor." These addresses were followed by reports of the committee on compulsory education, and the committee to further the interests of women students at the University of Illinois.

The subjects considered during the second day of the convention concerned the care and education of dependent children and the many avenues along which philanthropic effort may be directed. The question of "Associated Charities" was presented by Mrs. J. C. Barstow, of the Streator Women's Council, whose practical experience and judgment entitle her to speak wisely concerning the best methods in charity. Mrs. James W. Patton, of Springfield, wrote ably and earnestly of "The Needs of Dependent Children," giving the result of a careful study of the question, including the success and failure of various systems tried by states and individuals. Mrs. Patton spoke strongly of the duty of the State toward dependent and needy children, urging the need in Illinois of a mandatory law for their state care and support. As the Federation has endorsed the report of its committee on philanthropy recommending that the Federation interest itself in the care and education of the dependent and delinquent children of the State, Mrs. Patton's plea will doubtless meet with the ready response which it deserves. "The Influence of Clubs on Civic Life" was treated in a valuable paper by Mrs. Clara P. Bourland, of Peoria, a subject of increasing importance in localities where women's clubs have become recognized factors in civic life.

The last day of the convention was occupied by the election of officers and other important business, followed by a literary program. A paper by Mrs. Edward C. Lambert, of Jacksonville, on "Literary Clubs and their Methods," proved suggestive and helpful to many of the delegates present, as also an address by Mrs. Lucy Fitch Perkins, of Chicago, who gave an account of the Central Art Association of Chicago, which is doing much to further an appreciation of art, especially in smaller towns. Miss Katherine Sharp, director of the Library

School at the University of Illinois, in a fine address on "Traveling Libraries in Country Towns" urged the Federation to work for the state library commission bill, which would help in the direction of establishing a system of traveling libraries. A strong "Plea for the Birds" was made by Miss Sweet, of Chicago. Miss Sweet talked earnestly of the destruction of our song birds for the adornment of womankind, asking the Federation to follow the precedent of the Chicago Women's Club and give up the wearing of birds. Of the two evening sessions held during the convention one was occupied by an address on "Thackeray" by Miss Wadsworth, of Chicago, and the second was made memorable by an analytical, illustrated lecture on Beethoven's Second Symphony by Mrs. John Vance Cheney, which was one of the most enjoyable features of the program. Chicago was chosen as the next place of meeting. The officers for the coming year are:

President—Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles, Chicago.
Vice-President-At-Large—Mrs. Anna Parker, Quincy.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Fred Leroy, Streator.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Virginia B. Bash, Peoria.
Treasurer—Miss Sarah M. Fairbank, Jacksonville.

The Seventh Congressional district of Kansas has a most successful District Federation which is nowise a detriment to the State organization. It grew out of a "Neighborhood Club" organized by Mrs. R. R. Peters of Newton, who is still the efficient President, and includes both federated and non-federated clubs of the district. There are now eighteen clubs in this District Federation, representing nine towns, with a membership of over six hundred. The first annual meeting was held at Wichita, October 26-27, conducted in all respects as a State Federation meeting, and attended by a voting delegation of forty-seven. The program, which was an excellent one, consisted of papers and discussions under each of the six departments into which the Federation is divided. The executive board of the Winfield Chautauqua Assembly has extended, and the Federation has accepted, an invitation to cooperate with them and conduct a "Women's Club Day" at the next meeting of the assembly. A woman's building is to be erected for their use.

NEBRASKA. . . . The clubs of Nebraska have taken up their fall and winter work with renewed vigor. While heretofore a great many clubs were content with literary work there seems to be a

general inclination to branch out and help the world, not on a reformatory basis, but from a philanthropic standpoint. The Women's Club of Schuyler is a club which has a far-reaching influence on the practical side of life. The Study Club meets every two weeks, and every alternate week there is a Dorcas Society, where garments are made for the poor and a training school carried on, where young girls are taught to sew and mend and make over garments for themselves or younger brothers and sisters. The Schuyler Women's Club recently gave an elaborate reception to visiting members from the History and Art Club of Seward. The program was musical and literary, and the talent displayed was a credit to this western city on the Platte. This club seems possessed of an intense desire in its earnestness to help and elevate. Mr. J. H. Miller, of the *North Western Monthly*, has been the means of interesting club women all over the State in child study, and there is hardly a club in Nebraska without a department for child study. In these, teachers and mothers try to familiarize themselves with the child, his disposition, his hereditary tendencies, his mental and physical defects, and his especial adaptabilities, so that in their daily dealings with this bundle of attributes inherited from hundreds of ancestors, they may be able to guide him into those channels of usefulness for which he is best adapted both mentally and physically, that he may be better fitted for life and its duties. The

clubs of Lincoln are very forward in philanthropic work. While there is a women's club of several hundred members divided into departments, there are also numerous small study clubs, and there are departments of child study, city improvement, art in the school-rooms, and many other things that have a tendency to uplift humanity.... The Nebraska F. W. C. met at Beatrice October 5, 6 and 7, with a large attendance. Nebraska has sixty-eight federated clubs, with 2,500 individual members. The program was interesting and well arranged. The club ladies of Beatrice were hospitable in the extreme. The evening of the first day an informal reception was given to all delegates and visitors at the Hotel Paddock. Mrs. Van Vechten, of Iowa, and Mrs. McClintock, of Kansas, presidents of their respective state federations, were invited to attend, and each delivered an address. Wednesday afternoon the Beatrice Women's Club gave a delightful reception to visitors in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, of Plattsmouth, was reelected President by acclamation, receiving the unanimous vote of the entire federation. The other officers elected were as follows: Vice-President, Mrs. E. M. Cobb, of York; Secretary, Mrs. Henrietta Smith, of Omaha; Treasurer, Mrs. M. V. Nichols, of Beatrice; Auditor, Mrs. Ella S. Larsh, of Nebraska City; Librarian, Mrs. G. M. Lambertson, of Lincoln.

Mrs. D. C. McKillip.

HOME THEMES.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

To reveal the moral grandeur in humanity certain conditions are required, as man's nature responds most satisfactorily under the stress or pressure of great occasion.

War, famine and pestilence possess the power to awaken the spirit of self-sacrifice, the fruits of which are recognized as patriotism, philanthropy and altruism.

The soul is the realm of these higher qualities which answer to the call of duty, and which proclaim man the superior of all created beings.

This is a region of infinite expansiveness, since its source is the heart of God.

A word or act which inspires lofty emotion results in the revelation of the divine in man, and emphasizes kinship with the Father.

The best and noblest in us is the product of all the highest influences which have worked together for good since the first man saw the light. Our indebtedness to the truly Great, is beyond our power to estimate and to the lives which have left the deepest imprint in "the sands of time," we are the greatest debtors.

Thus as unerringly as the needle turns to the pole, this thought draws us to that greatest of moral and spiritual teachers the Christ, in whom "is revealed all that God is and all that man is to be."

Ah, well may there have been "joy in heaven with the angels," at the birth of one who came "to seek and to save that which was lost" and who was the expression of God's "good will toward men!"

At the recurrence of His natal day, the

spirit of love descends to earth and enters the hearts of men. Parent and child, master and man, mistress and maid, vie with each other in the performance of those sweetly mindful offices which contribute to happiness and comfort; and thus, for a season, this hard and grasping world yields itself to the benign influences which surround and envelope the birthday of the Saviour of men.

There are those who argue that the fact that these ideal conditions prevail for a time, is proof positive that they may be retained permanently, but they add that the requirements are such as to make this an extremely difficult task. The prime essentials are the same which are needful in the development of the moral nature, namely: man's humanity to man; a spirit of brotherhood and a recognition of interdependence and mutual obligation; a life of inclusiveness, not exclusiveness, and the adoption of the Golden Rule as a universal code.

Those who have climbed the rugged and snow-capped peaks of experience, have learned that there is need of more love in the world, that quality of sympathetic interest in our neighbor which is able instinctively to divine his trouble and minister unto him.

Christ's thought for the "weary and heavy laden," the afflicted and discouraged, together with His life of self-abnegation, have glorified service in the cause of humanity. Christ was the embodiment of that Truth which "never was not," the living expression of the law which "He came to fulfill."

Let all who celebrate His birthday, meditate upon this great Life and remember that they who follow in His footsteps shall be able to overcome the trials which like thorns beset their pathway, rising with each victory to the heights whereon they may commune with the Author and Finisher of their faith.

Let us also believe that "possibilities are infinite when we work with the forces of the age," and consecrate *our best* to this sin-sick, suffering world.

Then we shall lift our eyes and, like Constantine, behold the vision of the Cross in the heavens and murmur, "In this sign we conquer!"

Maria Weed.

"There is only one real want in life and that is comradeship—comradeship with the divine, and that we call religion; with the human, and that we call love."

—Camelia Pratt in "A Consuming Fire."

THE PARADISE WAY.

A dying woman on her couch had lain,
Through sleepless nights and dolorous days of pain;

But one stood by, with muffled face, to wait,
And guide her, free at last, to Heaven's gate.
Then pain slipped from her, as a garment worn,
And almost she forgot the griefs once borne.
The palms of Paradise above her leaned,
And amaranthine meadows, all uncleaned,
Spread fair before her, while her weary feet
Sank in soft drift of roses, cool and sweet.

But at the gates of pearl Heav'n's warden stood,
And with set face he asked, "On all this good
What claim have you, that you should enter in?"

With eyes cast down she answered, "Of all sin
I have repented me; what can I more?
Can aught debar me from this open door?"

"'Tis well," he said, "For this has grace been
given;

But what of those who harmed you? For in
Heaven,

On Memory's walls no pictured wrong is seen."
"All those," she said, "who grieved for what had
been,

I pardoned. Others are not my concern."

"Go!" said the angel, "back to Earth and learn,
True pardon waits not on the sinner's pain.
Be reconciled to those; then come again.
He who, when dying, bowed His sacred head,
And for His slayers with the Father plead,
That they, so cruel, unregenerate,
Might perish not at last, bids us not wait
For the slow upward lift of souls, whose wrath
And hate of us hides all the upward path.

"Go back, and bear your cross of life and pain;
Seek out your enemy; and when again
Before these gates your pleading voice is heard,
Let him be at your side, and, by my word,
The Golden City's franchise you shall win,
And to its glories you shall both come in."

Mary A. Widner.

DOWN TO GRANDMA'S.

Christmas time down there to Gran'ma's,

My! but don't we have the fun?

Gran'ma, she's a Christian lady,

Don't forget a single one.

Knows just what'll please a feller,

Full o' plans the nicest kind;

If you make a noise or holler

Gran'ma, she don't never mind.

Gran'ma makes the nicest doughnuts

Ever any feller et;

Look ahead a whole year to 'em,

How they taste you don't forget;

* Don't forget the mince turnovers

Full o' raisins fat and big,

Waitin' for your empty stomach

When you're hungry as a pig.

Chris'mases down there to gran'ma's,

Them's the times you has the fun;

Gran'ma's full o' plans and s'prises,

Don't forget a single one.

Fills you chuck up full o' good things

Till you nearly bust in two,

Then to remedy the matter,

Gran'ma knows just what to do.

Couldn't get along without her,

Count her in with all my joys,

When folks scolds cause we are noisy,

Gran'ma says: "Let boys be boys."

Elizabeth Maud Weatherhead.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

IT is gratifying to the editor, and must be even more gratifying to the author, to learn from the eldest son of our Great Soldier that the Life of Grant which is being published serially in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is regarded by the surviving members of the General's family as intensely interesting and, so far as relates to Grant's private life and his reentrance into the army, a closer approach to absolute accuracy than any other work that has yet appeared. Following is the full text of Colonel Grant's letter to the editor (the italics are our own):

25 East 62d Street, New York,
Nov. 9, 1897.

Johnson Brigham, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR: I have read with intense interest and pleasure the articles published in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, entitled "Grant's Life in the West," written by Colonel Emerson. I consider his statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his reentrance into the army at the commencement of our civil war, are more accurate than any which have up to this time appeared. I believe that all Colonel Emerson has written will be of great value in the final history of General Grant.

With many thanks for your kindness in writing to me, I am, yours very truly,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

As Colonel Emerson's Life of Grant develops, and interest in the story increases, there appears to be a growing desire to know more of the author who is so admirably succeeding, where many have failed, in presenting the real man, Grant, as his own family and intimate friends recall him, and in explaining Grant, the commander of armies, as a character evolution and not as a mere soldier of fortune. To gratify this natural desire on the part of our readers to know more of the man behind the work, the editor recently made effort to obtain the desired information. He found Colonel Emerson singularly averse to exploiting himself. A few essential details obtained from him direct and several pictures from Mr. W. C. Perkins, photographer, of Ironton, Mo.—which accompany this month's installment of Grant's Life—supplemented by the editor's own knowledge of the subject, enable us to

place our readers in somewhat closer touch with one who is devoting his years of well-earned retirement, after an active and useful career, to this labor of love.

JOHN W. EMERSON, familiarly known in Missouri as "Judge" and as "Colonel" Emerson, is a member of the distinguished New England family to which Ralph Waldo Emerson belongs, a family celebrated through ten generations for scholarship and literary achievement. He prepared for college in the East; but, breaking away from the traditions of the family, he came west and entered that then pioneer institution of learning, the University of Michigan. Graduating from Ann Arbor, he chose Missouri as his home. He has resided in that State ever since. He served with distinction in the Federal army during the War of the Rebellion, and was for years a Judge of the Circuit Court of Missouri.

He retired from professional life several years ago, and has been devoting much of his time during the last decade to gathering material and preparing the same for his Life of Grant. The standard history of Missouri refers in a highly complimentary manner to the soldier-jurist's able addresses, lectures and contributions to the literature of his time. It concludes:

His residence is one of the most beautiful in the State. It is located in the lovely valley of Arcadia, and is surrounded by the scenery of the Ozark Mountains, and is historical, being the place where Col. U. S. Grant received his commission as Brigadier-General and was encamped in 1861.

The author tells us in his prefatory remarks in THE MIDLAND of October, 1896:

The writer has lived all his mature life in the center of the Mississippi Valley, and within a few miles of Grant's early army life at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, and his home life as a farmer in St. Louis county before the late War; and has lived in touch with Grant himself, and with Grant's associates and intimate friends in and out of the army.

Having examined the manuscript up to the end of Grant's Belmont campaign,

we can assure our readers that, in its valuable collection of original facts, and in the brilliant and forceful presentation of the incidents of Grant's battles in the War of the Rebellion, no other writer has equaled Colonel Emerson.

The reader will also find so much new matter, so many surprising facts brought out touching Grant's character, that the publication of them cannot fail to produce a veritable sensation.

Historians who have hitherto written of Grant have all been eastern men and written what has come to them in documents and in reports carried half-way across a continent, relative to the great career which compelled Grant to transfer his operations to the East. Colonel Emerson writes as a neighbor and friend; has been forty years living in the atmosphere and amid the folk-lore of Grant's life and activities; and the result of it all is that the student of Grant will find his work more valuable and satisfactory than anything that has preceded it. This history will end at the close of the Chattanooga campaign, where General Porter's begins, and the two are likely to be recognized for many years as standard works on Grant.

PRES. JOSEPH SMITH, of the "Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints," finding himself and his church incorrectly represented (unintentionally we are sure) by Mr. Lesan's paper on "Anti-Polygamy Mormonism," which appeared in the October MIDLAND, has sent the editor a carefully prepared and well tempered correction of the errors and a frank and modest statement of what he and his people do actually believe and purpose. This paper came too late for our December number, but will appear in the January MIDLAND—over President Smith's own signature. We shall take pleasure in thus giving space to an authoritative statement from the present head of the church, the eldest son of the founder of the Church of Latter-Day Saints.

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The successful descriptive paper in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY's October competition is entitled "A White Day." Its author is Miss Minnie Stichter, of Washington, Iowa. The paper is finely illustrated by Mrs. Alma Glasgow White, also of Washington. It will appear in our next number.

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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS.*

I. RAPHAEL'S "HOLY FAMILY" AND II. "LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE."

The name Raphael is a household word in millions of homes. Raphael Sansio is the first painter of whom the child hears, and the early charm is not lost as he learns more of the wonderful work of the beautiful, gifted young man who was never old. (He died at 37.)

It has become a fashion of late years, in certain art circles, to speak as though Raphael had been over-rated; to place men like Botticelli above "the divine

Raphael." Producing so many works in so short a time, there would of necessity be an inequality in his paintings; but the greatest are still the most wonderful pictures for perfection of beauty, color and sentiment in all the world.

Raphael's manner is divided into three periods; his first or Peruginesque, when he was still the companion of his master, Perugino; his second covering the time when he visited Florence and was influenced by Fra Bartolommeo; to this period belongs the accompanying picture, *La Belle Jardinière*, of the Louvre; his third or Roman style, which was the last and the greatest. Raphael was influenced by Michael Angelo and yet, in broadening his manner, he lost nothing of beauty and charm. To this period belong the great wall paintings in the Vatican, illustrating Poetry, Philosophy (the school of Athens),

*From photos carefully selected for reproduction in *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* by an American artist during her residence in Rome and in Paris. The series will include selections from the works of the greatest painters of the Italian and French schools, and, all together, will be a valuable addition to many a home and club library.

Theology and Jurisprudence. The Sistine Madonna and the Holy Family, in the Louvre. His last picture is The Transfiguration, upon which his last working hours were spent and which was carried at his funeral before the colors were dry. Rogers thus feelingly describes the scene:

"And when all beheld
Him where he lay, how changed from yesterday—
Him in that hour cut off, and at his head
His last great work; when entering in, they looked
Now on the dead, then on that masterpiece,
Now on his face lifeless and colorless,
Then on those forms divine that lived and breathed
And would live on for ages—all were moved,
And sighs burst forth and loudest lamentations."

ATTEMPT TO OUTWIT GRANT.

The October MIDLAND brought to my mind (speaking of a transfer of Grant's history to Galena) a scene in his life

which occurred in the first months of 1861. Captain Grant came to Bellevue to buy pork for a packing house in Galena. We had living here a produce dealer named Rosenthal. He thought he would head Grant off and run him out of the market. He hired a farmer named Cary, for one dollar (who had just unloaded wood from his wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen,) to load up with his (Rosenthal's) pork and drive on to the market. Bidding was spirited, Grant gave his last bid, Rosenthal went higher. Grant wheeled on his heel and started away. Rosenthal called to him and said "You can have it on your last bid." The Captain paid no attention to him. Rosenthal had his own pork and was laughed at by many for his trick.

J. C. HUGHEY.

Bellevue, Iowa.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

BOOK REVIEWS BY F. W. CALKINS.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.

It has been said, and said quite often, that Mr. Howells is not at his best in this novel and a number of critics have rated the book as a comparative failure. If it be failure for a consummate artist to do exactly the thing he set out to do, The Landlord at Lion's Head* may be frankly conceded a failure. If it be success to achieve a work of art regardless of popular appeal—of standards which are supposed to mark the level of success in novel writing, then this book is a success.

From the literary artist's point of view it must stand as an unqualified success. Mr. Howells is capable upon occasion of making appeal—always subtle and refined—to the sympathy and to other sensibilities of his readers. In this genuine drama he has not chosen to take note of the looker on. It is essentially an artist's book—a combination of Rembrandt, Millet and Hogarth in print. The literary artist who finds interest and instruction in the works of his contemporaries, and who cares to keep in touch with the latest and best in his field, must pause to consider the art of The Landlord at Lion's Head, and if he pause not long so much the worse for his judgement. For this book is not the kind of thing which the master of a refined realism does under contract at so many thousand words per instalment.

Let us not look here for evidences of Tolstoi's influence, for the materials of a sublimated socialistic creed, but for the art of William Dean Howells, on one side, at least, at its highest and its best. And there are none of us in America, or elsewhere, too far on to stop and take heed.

What is there then in the book? Everything, perhaps, but interest for the jaded novel reader. It is a simple, straightforward, truthful story, absolutely faithful in the minutest detail to the life it pictures. Its ethics and its moral are the ethics and the moral of life in Boston and the New England country district. The series of pictures

painted quite as effectively portray the hollow spots in organized society as do those of Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode, and they are infinitely more subtle and refined.

What is the intent? There is none save to write of life as it is observed. This being true the preacher, temperance lecturer, socialist, sophist, reformer of what not, each may find the text for a creed or for the lack of one.

The strength of the book, however, lies in its subtle and delicate art. So many sides of American life are presented, and there is so much strength of suggestion, that some rugged lines should be expected. But there are none. Scenes characteristic and strong in effect follow each other rapidly, but each one is linked into the consciousness, by a process which is characteristic of nothing so much as of the refinement of the artist and the acuteness of his perception.

Amid the smoke and soot and grime, out of the maw of vast and clamorous greed, in an atmosphere of crass unconscious philistinism, the chief intellectual stimulus of which is found in Poker Flat, something is now and then evolved which the intelligent citizen of another environment may pause to consider. If ten years of life in Chicago do not eat out the fine grain of a man's intellectual fibre, the tissue must be of enduring stuff. The Story of Ab* is a book which gives evidence of such endurance. Crude it is, lacking in literary quality, replete with needless and tasteless comment and comparison, yet amply strong enough to command a wide and partial hearing. Unique in its setting, the book stands as the only thing of its kind—sole, *sui generis*. It is, in fact, a quite vivid attempt to portray the life of primitive man—the cave man of the Stone Age, the man of 300,000 years B. C.—in what may possibly be considered his original environment, the birth-

*By Stanley Waterloo. Way & Williams, Chicago.

* Harper & Brothers, New York.

place of the race, the uncovered tide mouth of the Thames. Mr. Waterloo has reconstructed this fossil wilderness by the help of men of science, and much research, and he has drawn his cave men with fidelity to fact and inference. From a purely scientific point of view, therefore, the book is one of value. But it is more than this; it is a genuine story of fascinating interest, dealing with loves and hates of elemental yet purely human quality. It is faithful, and conscientious work.

The theme is one to have been handled by Defoe and it is to be regretted that the author of "Ab" could not have written in the spirit and style of that inimitable narrative which all the world reads. Ab, written in the vein of Crusoe, might have won a success quite as far-reaching. The tale could, in fact, have become the cradle story of the human race. It remains to be seen whether the book will hold the ambitious place it is designed to fill, or whether it will go down before some creation, lifted above the plane of imitation, in the same field. There will be imitations undoubtedly, but Mr. Waterloo must, in any event, stand entitled to the distinction of discovery.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

A charming Christmas book for children old enough to follow a simple story and young enough to enjoy Santa Claus in a new rôle—and who of us is too old for that!—is Santa Claus's New Castle,* by Maude Florence Bellar. The well told tale is supplemented by over twenty-five illustrations by Dixie Selden. The best parts of the story and the most attractive of the illustrations picture Santa Claus mingling with men, women and children, attended as any common man might be,—on the trolley car, looking in windows at Christmas toys, talking with children and listening to tales of joy and of woe. Miss Bellar knows how to write for children.

The noble forests of the far northwest have found their interpreter. To the many they stand for gloom embodied; to one and another they are grand, awe-inspiring; but to Ella Higginson they speak a varied language, most of all inspiring love, not fear. Hear Sidonie Brown, in "A Forest Orchid,"† the initial story in her latest book of short stories. Sidonie is a slender, almost fragile young woman with large, earnest, gray eyes, and a wealth of brown hair that in the sunlight is golden. A young man from the East asks her how she endures the life she is living. She tells him she teaches school "in a funny little log-house on the bank of the Nooksack," and she helps her mother Saturdays. Young Gildir asks her what she finds to do with her Sundays and evenings. Her answer is, "I read and study, and there's always

the forest." "It must be very lonely," says Gildir. She smiles and replies, "One can't be lonely with the forest at one's door." And long before one closes the book on the last story, "The Light that Came to Abraham," he is so imbued with Sidonie's sympathy with the forest that he can feel its mystical stillness, can hear the falling of the tiniest needle, the caressing pressure of one leaf upon another, can hear the rain sinking into the earth, the velvet tops of the firs move rhythmically to and fro, the whispering of the pines, "all sound" and yet, "all silence," and one can see the sunlight lying on the pale green, velvety moss, not in masses, but in tiny gold shapes. The reader passes on from one artistically set scene to another, sometimes moved to laughter, but often to tears, and at the end he feels he has lived in the Washington forest and knows its people infinitely better than he could know them from all the purely descriptive and historical sketches that have been written. And, more than that, he feels he has been with Nature and there found God. Something in the unwritten part of these stories, especially "The Forest Orchid," somehow recalls the thrilling soul-experiences of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, when he fled from controversy over dogmas to a retreat on one of the highest Alps, where alone with Nature he settled forever the question of questions—the soul's attitude toward God.

RECEIVED.

The Sphinx of Gold, poem, by Franklyn W. Lee. *The Post*, Rush City, Minnesota.

Camp and Cottage, poem, by Lyman H. Sproull. The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio.

Then and not till Then. A novel by Clara Nevada McLeod. Robert Lewis Weed Co., New York.

Poems of the Gospel, by A. R. Darrow; Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

Death Valley in '49—Autobiography of a Pioneer—by W. L. Manly, College Park, Santa Clara county, California. \$2.00.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. Empress Josephine, by Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10 cents.

Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama, by John Matthews Manly. Vol. I. Ginn & Co., Boston.

*Nitschke Brothers, Columbus, Ohio.

†A Forest Orchid and Other Stories, by Ella Higginson; The Macmillan Company, New York.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

It is gratifying to the editor, and must be even more gratifying to the author, to learn from the eldest son of our Great Soldier that the Life of Grant which is being published serially in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is regarded by the surviving members of the General's family as intensely interesting and, so far as relates to Grant's private life and his re-entrance into the army, a closer approach to absolute accuracy than any other work that has yet appeared. Following is the full text of Coloael Grant's letter to the editor (the italics are our own):

25 East 62d Street, New York,
Nov. 9, 1897.

Johnson Brigham, Esq.—MY DEAR SIR: I have read with intense interest and pleasure the articles published in THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, entitled "Grant's Life in the West," written by Colonel Emerson. I consider his statements with reference to the private life of my father, and his reentrance into the army at the commencement of our civil war, are more accurate than any which have up to this time appeared. I believe that all Colonel Emerson has written will be of great value in the final history of General Grant.

With many thanks for your kindness in writing to me, I am, yours very truly,

FREDERICK D. GRANT.

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Bellevue, Iowa.

THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

BOOK REVIEWS BY F. W. CALKINS.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.

It has been said, and said quite often, that Mr. Howells is not at his best in this novel, and a number of critics have rated the book as a comparative failure. If it be failure for a consummate artist to do exactly the thing he set out to do, The Landlord at Lion's Head* may be frankly conceded a failure. If it be success to achieve a work of art regardless of popular appeal—of standards which are supposed to mark the level of success in novel writing, then this book is a success.

From the literary artist's point of view it must stand as an unqualified success. Mr. Howells is capable upon occasion of making appeal—always subtle and refined—to the sympathy and to other sensibilities of his readers. In this genuine drama he has not chosen to take note of the looker on. It is essentially an artist's book—a combination of Rembrandt, Millet and Hogarth in print. The literary artist who finds interest and instruction in the works of his contemporaries, and who cares to keep in touch with the latest and best in his field, must pause to consider the art of The Landlord at Lion's Head, and if he pause not long so much the worse for his judgement. For this book is not the kind of thing which the master of a refined realism does under contract at so many thousand words per installment.

Let us not look here for evidences of Tolstói's influence, for the materials of a sublimated socialistic creed, but for the art of William Dean Howells, on one side, at least, at its highest and its best. And there are none of us in America, or elsewhere, too far on to stop and take heed.

What is there then in the book? Everything, perhaps, but interest for the jaded novel reader. It is a simple, straightforward, truthful story, absolutely faithful in the minutest detail to the life it pictures. Its ethics and its moral are the ethics and the moral of life in Boston and the New England country district. The series of pictures

painted quite as effectively portray the hollow spots in organized society as do those of Hogarth's Marriage a la Mode, and they are infinitely more subtle and refined.

What is the intent? There is none save to write of life as it is observed. This being true the preacher, temperance lecturer, socialist, sophist, reformer of what not, each may find the text for a creed or for the lack of one.

The strength of the book, however, lies in its subtle and delicate art. So many sides of American life are presented, and there is so much strength of suggestion, that some rugged lines should be expected. But there are none. Scenes characteristic and strong in effect follow each other rapidly, but each one is lifted into the consciousness, by a process which is characteristic of nothing so much as of the refinement of the artist and the acuteness of his perception.

Amid the smoke and soot and grime, out of the maw of vast and clamorous greed, in an atmosphere of crass unconscious philistinism, the chief intellectual stimulus of which is found in Poker Flat, something is now and then evolved which the intelligent citizen of another environment may pause to consider. If ten years of life in Chicago do not eat out the fine grain of a man's intellectual fibre, the tissue must be of enduring stuff. The Story of Ab* is a book which gives evidence of such endurance. Crude it is, lacking in literary quality, replete with needless and tasteless comment and comparison, yet amply strong enough to command a wide and partial hearing. Unique in its setting, the book stands as the only thing of its kind—sole, *sui generis*. It is, in fact, a quite vivid attempt to portray the life of primitive man—the cave man of the Stone Age, the man of 300,000 years B. C.—in what may possibly be considered his original environment, the birth-

* Harper & Brothers, New York.

*By Stanley Waterloo. Way & Williams, Chicago.

place of the race, the uncovered tide mouth of the Thames. Mr. Waterloo has reconstructed this fossil wilderness by the help of men of science, and much research, and he has drawn his cave men with fidelity to fact and inference. From a purely scientific point of view, therefore, the book is one of value. But it is more than this; it is a genuine story of fascinating interest, dealing with loves and hates of elemental yet purely human quality. It is faithful, and conscientious work.

The theme is one to have been handled by Defoe and it is to be regretted that the author of "Ab" could not have written in the spirit and style of that inimitable narrative which all the world reads. Ab, written in the vein of Crusoe, might have won a success quite as far-reaching. The tale could, in fact, have become the cradle story of the human race. It remains to be seen whether the book will hold the ambitious place it is designed to fill, or whether it will go down before some creation, lifted above the plane of imitation, in the same field. There will be imitations undoubtedly, but Mr. Waterloo must, in any event, stand entitled to the distinction of discovery.

FRANK W. CALKINS.

A charming Christmas book for children old enough to follow a simple story and young enough to enjoy Santa Claus in a new rôle—and who of us is too old for that!—is Santa Claus's New Castle,* by Maude Florence Bellar. The well told tale is supplemented by over twenty-five illustrations by Dixie Selden. The best parts of the story and the most attractive of the illustrations picture Santa Claus mingling with men, women and children, attended as any common man might be,—on the trolley car, looking in windows at Christmas toys, talking with children and listening to tales of joy and of woe. Miss Bellar knows how to write for children.

The noble forests of the far northwest have found their interpreter. To the many they stand for gloom embodied; to one and another they are grand, awe-inspiring; but to Ella Higginson they speak a varied language, most of all inspiring love, not fear. Hear Sidonie Brown, in "A Forest Orchid,"† the initial story in her latest book of short stories. Sidonie is a slender, almost fragile young woman with large, earnest, gray eyes, and a wealth of brown hair that in the sunlight is golden. A young man from the East asks her how she endures the life she is living. She tells him she teaches school "in a funny little log-house on the bank of the Nooksack," and she helps her mother Saturdays. Young Gildir asks her what she finds to do with her Sundays and evenings. Her answer is, "I read and study, and there's always

the forest." "It must be very lonely," says Gildir. She smiles and replies, "One can't be lonely with the forest at one's door." And long before one closes the book on the last story, "The Light that Came to Abraham," he is so imbued with Sidonie's sympathy with the forest that he can feel its mystical stillness, can hear the falling of the tiniest needle, the caressing pressure of one leaf upon another, can hear the rain sinking into the earth, the velvet tops of the firs move rhythmically to and fro, the whispering of the pines, "all sound" and yet, "all silence," and one can see the sunlight lying on the pale green, velvety moss, not in masses, but in tiny gold shapes. The reader passes on from one artistically set scene to another, sometimes moved to laughter, but often to tears, and at the end he feels he has lived in the Washington forest and knows its people infinitely better than he could know them from all the purely descriptive and historical sketches that have been written. And, more than that, he feels he has been with Nature and there found God. Something in the unwritten part of these stories, especially "The Forest Orchid," somehow recalls the thrilling soul-experiences of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, when he fled from controversy over dogmas to a retreat on one of the highest Alps, where alone with Nature he settled forever the question of questions—the soul's attitude toward God.

RECEIVED.

The Sphinx of Gold, poem, by Franklyn W. Lee. *The Post*, Rush City, Minnesota.

Camp and Cottage, poem, by Lyman H. Sproull. The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, Ohio.

Then and not till Then. A novel by Clara Nevada McLeod. Robert Lewis Weed Co., New York.

Poems of the Gospel, by A. R. Darrow; Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago. \$1.00.

Death Valley in '49—Autobiography of a Pioneer—by W. L. Manly, College Park, Santa Clara county, California. \$2.00.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women. Empress Josephine, by Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10 cents.

Specimens of the Pre-Shakespearean Drama, by John Matthews Manly. Vol. I. Ginn & Co., Boston.

*Nischke Brothers, Columbus, Ohio.

†A Forest Orchid and Other Stories, by Ella Higginson; The Macmillan Company, New York.



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PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

James Whitcomb Riley's evening in Des Moines, November 24th, is an event long to be remembered.

One of THE MIDLAND's many attractions for 1898 will be an illustrated paper by Miss Minna Irving, of Tarrytown, N. Y., entitled "Old Tarrytown." Miss Irving has exceptional opportunities for developing an interesting and valuable paper on the romantic and beautiful old town made famous by the genius of Washington Irving. Miss Irving writes: "I have recently come into possession of most interesting and new material about the old home." Several of the pictures which will accompany this article will be found to have value as contributions to history.

"The Evolution of Art" by Leon A. Harvey, soon to appear, will interest all who are interested in art.

"About Some Hobbies" by Rev. Arthur Howard Noll, a Tennessee author, is soon to appear.

"Local Self Government," a realistic story of a Colorado mining camp wedding, and "The Breaking of a Cowboy," a vivid sketch of life on the plains, are both progressed to our January number, the proofs not having been received from the authors in time for the December MIDLAND.

Mrs. C. F. McLean, of Cincinnati, author of "Robert Louis Stevenson at Gretz," also, "The Coming First Lady of the Land," and other popular descriptive papers that have appeared in this magazine, having returned from her summer in Paris and London, is engaged upon a serial for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY of 1898, in which much new and interesting historical matter will be brought out, her intimate personal knowledge of the great historic personage whose private life is to be sketched by her enabling her to make a valuable contribution to the pages of THE MIDLAND and to history as well.

"The Elements of a National Literature," by Professor Hanna, is a recent booking for this magazine.

The latest progressive high school principal to put THE MIDLAND MONTHLY in the school library is J. H. Kelly, Riverside, Iowa.

Would you know just what THE MIDLAND MONTHLY's standing is among the magazines of the country? Turn to page 28 in *Printer's Ink* of September 29, and under the heading "American Advertising Media, Standard and Special," you will find THE MIDLAND in the first of several lists—the one entitled "Magazines: Standard List" and in such good company as *The Century*, *Harper's*, *Review of Reviews*, *Lippincott's*, etc.

"The Vagaries of the Moon," by Rev. Dr. E. L. Eaton, with illustrations from the Northfield Observatory, is a promise for the 1898 MIDLAND.

Colonel Emerson's life of Grant from this time on moves fast over ground intensely interesting to the soldiers of the Middle-West, and to those who honor their memory and would know more of their deeds.

Among the valuable papers booked for future numbers is one, contributed by Major Hoyt Sherman, a younger brother of General Sherman, entitled "Grant's Personal Life."

"The Mormons at Garden Grove," by W. S. Johnson, will be another MIDLAND contribution to the history of early Mormonism in the Middle-West.

"Kansas in Recent Literature" will be next in a series the editor of THE MIDLAND is arranging for 1898. It will be prepared by Hon. Andrew Downing, of Washington, D. C., himself a poet of high reputation and author of a book of poems about to appear from an eastern publishing house.

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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

I have been an interested reader of your valuable publication since it was first issued.—Mrs. C. A. Keltner, Corona, Colo.

Your magazine is certainly up to the standard of any eastern periodical. [More than the publisher claims for it.]—Callie L. Daggy, York, Neb.

I have recommended it to the Public Library committee.—S. E. A. Higgin, Santa Barbara, Calif.

I was very glad indeed to, see by the November MIDLAND that my answers had won me a prize. I had answered the questions before and had not received a prize. I did not expect one so much this time, but my papa thought it a good thing for me to look up the answers.—Lisle May Stewart, Waukon.

I expect to be a subscriber to THE MIDLAND so long as life and THE MIDLAND continue.—Mrs. W. A. Moore, Greensburg, Ind.

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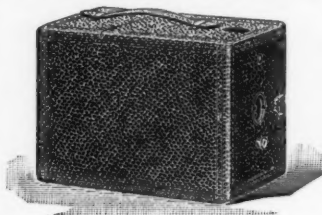
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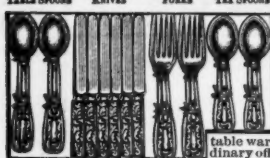
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Publisher's Notes—Continued.

Specimen number of MIDLAND just received. I am charmed with it. Much of my life was spent in Illinois and Iowa, and your magazine seems like a familiar voice and a very pleasant one withal.—Rosetta Lunt Sutton, Spokane, Wash.

Your very agreeable magazine.—Lillian Owen, Bloomington, Ill.

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I have nothing but words of praise for your magazine, and would not want to do without it in my home.—Mrs. Eva G. Jenkins, North Indianapolis, Ind.

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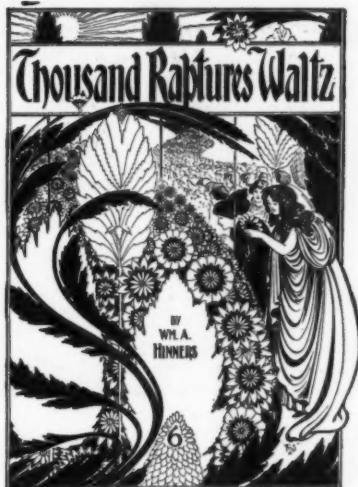
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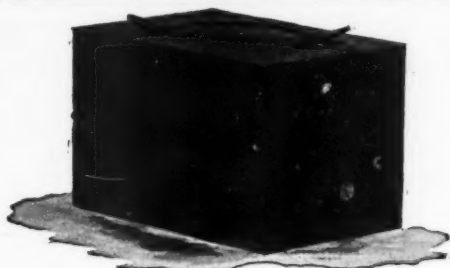
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The Ten Girls or Boys under Eighteen years of age who, before the 15th day of December mail us the best set of answers to the following questions will each be given a year's subscription to THE MIDLAND MONTHLY. The subscription may begin with any month the winner may desire, and will be credited up to any person the winner may name. Adults may assist the competitors, but the answers must be prepared by the girls and boys themselves.

RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

1. Each competitor must cut out the questions given below and pin them to the upper left-hand corner of the first one of the pages on which the answers are written.
2. The answers must be numbered to correspond with the accompanying questions.
3. The answers must be plainly written in ink (not typewritten), must be short and to the point.
4. Send no accompanying letter. Send nothing but the printed questions and your written answers, your name, age and postoffice address. If a resident of a large city, and street address. Patiently wait the announcement of the result, in the January number.

PUBLISHER MIDLAND MONTHLY, *Des Moines, Iowa.*

THE TWENTY QUESTIONS.

1. Name the ten states that in your judgment may be called Midland, or Middle-Western. (p. 483.)
2. When did Kentucky become a state? (p. 483.)
3. Did Kentucky secede from the Union? (p. 483.)
4. In mythology, what about the winged steed, Pegasus? (p. 483.)
5. What is the story of the Pierian Spring? (p. 483.)
6. From what poet did James Lane Allen borrow the title to his novel, "The Choir Invisible"? (p. 485.)
7. Name some one of Charles Egbert Craddock's Tennessee novels. (p. 485.)
8. What is Charles Egbert Craddock's real name? (p. 485.)
8. How old is James Whitcomb Riley? (p. 493.)
9. What is a rendezvous, and how is the word pronounced? (p. 494.)
10. How large is St. Louis now? (p. 494.)
11. What high office in civil life did General McClellan once aspire to? (p. 502.)
12. To what other high office in civil life was McClellan afterwards elected? (p. 502.)
13. What appointive position did Col. Frederick D. Grant recently resign? (p. 503.)
14. What is a fad? (p. 506.)
15. In what book of the Old Testament is the story of Ahab's crime related? (p. 513.)
16. Where is the story of Gideon told? (p. 513.)
17. What event in Bible history occurred on Mt. Tabor? (p. 513.)
18. Whose wanderings are related in The Odyssey? (p. 518.)
19. What, in your opinion, is the best of Oliver Optic's stories? (p. 560.)
20. Can you give in plain words, free from the scientific terms of the botanists, some one distinguishing feature of the orchid—or plants of the order *orchidaceæ*? (p. 376.)

THE SUCCESSFUL TEN LAST MONTH.*

Bertha Magoun, age 17, North English, Iowa.
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Lyle D. Carpenter, age 15, Harvard, Ill.
Fannie Muller, age 12, McBride, Iowa.
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Lyman W. Ellis, age 15, Anamosa, Iowa.
Retta Palmer, age 15, LeRoy, Minn.
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This is not intended to interfere with the regular literary contributions to THE MIDLAND. Those who would enter the contest will please clearly state such intention on sending their MSS.

The Prize Poem in the January 1st Competition will be announced in the February MIDLAND, and published in March. The Prize Descriptive Paper will be announced in March, and published in April. The Prize Story will be announced in April, and published in May; and so on through the the year,—a prize poem, sketch or story in every number.

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